ABRA-MULE.

OR,

LOVE and *EMPIRE.*

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

NEW THEATRE

IN

LITTLE LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS,

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected.

Non benè conveniunt, nec in unâ ſede morantur
Majeſtas, & Amor. Metamorph. lib. 2.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Stephens*, Bookſeller in *Oxon.* 1708.

Sir Joseph Trapp D D

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The LADY

HARRIET GODOLPHIN.

MADAM,

YOUR ſignal Favour to this Play during its Repreſentation on the Stage, and Your great Generoſity to its Author before it was acted, have encourag'd me to make an Offering of both to Your Ladiſhip; and publiſh my Gratitude for ſuch uncommon Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion.

Not that by this I think to add any thing to Your Character; the World was ſufficiently ſenſible of it before: And thoſe ſhining Qualities, by which Your Ladiſhip is ſo eminently diſtinguiſh'd, could no more be hidden than they can be exceeded. 'Tis not therefore for Your ſake that I addreſs to You, but for my own; not to make any Return to Your Ladiſhip, but to do Honour to my ſelf. Which I ſhould not have preſum'd to have done without Your Permiſſion; and even that brings a freſh Obligation upon me. For nothing could be a greater Improvement of Your former Bounty, than Your Leave to make this ſolemn Acknowledgment of it; and to Perſons of Your Ladiſhip's Rank, we cannot publickly return Thanks for one Favour, without receiving another.

For what could reflect more Luſtre on this Poem, than ſo celebrated a Name prefix'd to it? 'Tis the peculiar Glory of Tragedy, that it has always been the moſt agreeable Entertainment to the fair Sex; who have been ever more indulgent to that, than to any other ſort of Poetry. Men are generally leſs capable of thoſe tender Impreſſions, which the Ladies (who are form'd with finer Reſentments) more eaſily receive. But if this be the beſt Pretence we can make to Maſculine Wiſdom, and Superiority of Reaſon, I think we had better make none at all. For certainly to be ſoon mov'd to Compaſſion, and ſenſible of the Misfortunes of others, is rather a Perfection in Human Nature, than an Argument of Weakneſs or Infirmity.

'Tis for this Reaſon, Madam, that Performances of this kind are the moſt proper Offerings to the Fair; and I am particularly happy in preſenting this to One who has all their Excellencies without any of their Defects.

But I perceive I am in Danger of diſobliging Your Ladiſhip, while I am doing You that Juſtice which will be highly pleaſing to every Body, but Your ſelf. I ſhall therefore only beg Leave to add, that ſince Love and Valour are the Springs of Tragedy, and give Life and Motion to it; nothing could be more proper than to addreſs this to Your Ladiſhip, whoſe Family is remarkable, above any other, for giving ſo much Beauty to the Court, and ſo much Courage to the Field; the one to Adorn, the other to Defend Your Country; the one to Triumph at home, and the other abroad. I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt Obedient,

and moſt Humble Servant.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

WHAT various Thoughts a Poet's Breaſt divide,
When brought before an Audience, to be try'd!
Guilty of Scribling, with beſeeching Hands,
Before your Bar the Malefactor ſtands.
Now hopes 'twill pleaſe, now doubts 'twill prove but dull;
Mourns a thin Pit, yet dreads it when 'tis full.
Theſe are at beſt the anxious Writers Cares:
But he, who now your fatal Cenſure fears,
Has no great Man to Countenance his Muſe,
And ſhield him from the Arts which Rival Factions uſe.
No neceſſary Friends to ſtart Applauſe,
T' o'erpower Ill-nature, and ſupport his Cauſe.
Then 'tis all Tragedy which he prepares,
With no relieving Interval of Farce.
Nay, but one Song; his Numbers rarely chime,
Nor bleſs the Gall'ries with the Sweets of Rhime.
Few Actors are to fall, no Ghoſts to riſe;
No Fuſtian roars, nor mimick Lightning flies;
No Thunder from his Heroes, or the Skies.

With all theſe Diſadvantages oppreſs'd,
He ſtill has Hopes, and makes his bold Requeſt
To Men of Senſe; and here are none, I know,
But either are, or think at leaſt they're ſo.
To you, with modeſt Awe, he dares to ſpeak;
Will not aſſume too much, yet ſcorns to ſneak:

He

PROLOGUE.

He boasts not of his Genius, or his Rules;
Nor insolently calls his Judges, Fools.
Yet to Desert disclaims not all Pretence;
To be so Modest would be Impudence.
For surely his Presumption must be great,
Who dares invite his Betters to no Treat.
He not expects you should gross Dulness flatter,
Yet leaves you room enough to shew good Nature.
Begs you would come, of all ill Passion eas'd;
Patient to hear, and willing to be pleas'd.
Cowards and Fools are barbarous, and think
All Wit and Valour is to damn and sink;
But Weakness in Distress still finds Defence
From Men of Courage, and from Men of Sense.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

OUR Prologue to the Criticks was directed;
But you, ye Fair, muſt never be neglected.
To you our Poet now his Homage pays;
Your bare Forgiveneſs will his Genius raiſe,
In Taſtes like yours to pardon is to praiſe.
'Tis true, we're pleading a young Author's Cauſe;
But Youth and Beauty never yet were Foes.
Do you but ſhew your Goodneſs and Compaſſion,
The Men, of courſe, will give their Approbation.
For if they grant none as the Poet's Due,
They'll ſure be kind in Complaiſance to you:
If not with us, with you they will comply,
Exert the Lover all, and lay the Critick by.

Pleas'd and ſerene you ſaw the Princely Gueſt,
When Windſor *was with this bright Preſence bleſt:*
Still may the kind Impreſſion here ſurvive,
And we enjoy thoſe Smiles by which we live.
How did the Royal Youth, with wond'ring Eyes,
Behold! and gladly own the ſweet Surprize!
Amaz'd at ſuch Variety of Charms,
Careleſs of Fame, and leſs in love with Arms!
Almoſt unwilling to purſue the War,
And ev'n for Empire to forſake the Fair.
But, as by Engliſh *Beauties forc'd to yield,*
May he by Engliſh *Heroes win the Field.*
Procure the Revolution *he deſires;*
And ſafe poſſeſs the Beauty he admires,
Thus may th' auſpicious Prince ſecurely move,
And far more Joys than our new Sultan prove;
Completely bleſt in Empire, *and in* Love.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Mahomet, the IV. Emperor of the *Turks*.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Pyrrhus, Grand Visier.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Solyman, Brother to *Mahomet*.	Mr. *Powell*.
Kisler Aga, or Superintendent of the *Seraglio*.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Haly.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Cuproli.	Mr. *Cory*.
Mursa, a *Tartarian* Merchant.	Mr. *Fieldhouse*.

WOMEN.

Abra-Mule.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Zaida, her Confident.	Mrs. *Porter*.
Marama, a Creature of *Solyman's*.	Mrs. *Leigh*.

Eunuchs, Bassas, Janizaries and Attendants.

Scene, *Constantinople*.

ABRA-

ABRA-MULE:

OR,

LOVE and *EMPIRE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Murſa *and* Abra-Mulè.

Mur. THIS Day, fair *Abra*, ſhould by you be priz'd
As the moſt fortunate of all your Life,
In which you ſhall be rais'd from low Obſcurity,
To the ſublimeſt Height of Earthly Greatneſs:
Brought as the richeſt Preſent to the Sultan,
To crown his Pleaſures, and adorn his Court;
To entertain with Joy his ſofteſt Hours,
And charm the World's great Maſter with your Beauty.
Abr. Rather, as often as this Day returns
Within the Round of the revolving Year,
Let me be clad in melancholy Sables;
Exhauſt the ſpringing Fountains of my Eyes,
Indulge my Grief, and waſte my ſelf in Mourning.
Be rais'd to Grandeur? No——I ſhall be thrown
Lower than firſt my vulgar Fortune plac'd me.
O think not, Sir, to ſooth me with the Name
Of fancy'd Glory; for when Virtue's gone,
And Infamy takes place, tho' you advance me
Above the greateſt Monarch, you debaſe
My humble Birth, and ſink me into Greatneſs.
Mur. Ungrateful Maid!——Are then my Benefits
So ſoon forgotten? Doſt thou not remember

That to this saving Arm thou ow'st thy Being?
Abr. I do, and bless you for that gen'rous Action.
Mur. Had I not interpos'd 'twixt Death and thee,
When I with Thousands of my Country-men
Made an Incursion into *Muscovy*,
Thou hadst not now stood thus erect before me
To contradict my Will —— Methinks I now
See the relentless Ruffian, with his Sword
Uplifted, just prepar'd to give the Stroak,
And thy bare Bosom heaving at the Point.
Thy tender Innocence, and unripe Beauty,
Which then ev'n in a Child appear'd most lovely,
Mov'd me to soft Compassion. Strait I seiz'd
His threatning Arm, and stopp'd the coming Blow.
Scarce then had Sev'n full Winters snow'd upon thee;
And those Twelve Years in which thou hast been mine,
Say, have I not still lov'd and cherish'd thee,
With all th' indulgent Kindness of a Father?
Abr. Hear me with Patience, Sir. ——
Mur. 'Tis true, since I resolv'd upon this Voyage,
She always has been froward, and appear'd
Averse to my Design; but now of late
Much more than ever. —— Ha! —— I have a Thought; ——
It must be so —— I'll put her to the Trial. —— [*Aside.*
An ill Return you've made me for my Kindness, [*To her.*
Forgetful *Abra*; but since no Persuasions
Can bend you to my Will, I'll once comply
With a fond Woman's Humour, be content
To lose my Journey, and return again.
And now I hope thou'rt fully satisfy'd.
Ha! What, not move? What fresh Commotion's this?
What means that humble Posture, and those Tears?
Abr. Kneeling.] Alas! why will you break my tender Heart?
Mur. Thy Words amaze me. Didst thou not desire
To fly the loath'd Embraces of the Sultan,
And to return again?
Abr. I did indeed
Desire to fly th' Embraces of the Sultan;
And yet upon my bended Knees would beg you
Not to return again. ——
Mur. 'Tis so for certain. [*Aside.*
I understand you not, explain your Meaning. [*To her.*

Abr.

Abr. Since then you urge me to the Brink of Fate,
Tho' nothing but the Fear of Separation
From the moſt brave of Men, and beſt of Lovers
Could force me to diſcloſe the mighty Secret;
I will unlock my Breaſt, and lay before you
The inmoſt Thoughts and Counſels of my Soul.
Know then (but e'er my Story reach your Ears
Learn to forgive, and arm your ſelf with Patience)
That ſince the time that mine and your Deliv'rer,
The gen'rous Viſier, the thrice Noble *Pyrrhus*
Reſcu'd us in our Journey to this City,
From the rough Inſolence of ſtern *Polonians*,
I have in ſecret lov'd that wond'rous Man;
And he with equal Fire receiv'd my Paſſion.
And during thoſe four Months, in which I lay
Hinder'd from Travelling by tedious Sickneſs,
We have, by mutual Intercourſe, exchang'd
Each other's Soul —— Ev'n now, while my dear Lord
Is abſent at the Wars, and leading on
His ſucc'ring Troops to raiſe the Siege of *Buda*,
He has not been unmindful of his Love,
But has by Letters ———

Mur. Yes, I underſtand you ——
You are of late, it ſeems, grown intimate
With the chief Miniſter of State —— For him
You would reſerve your ſelf, for him you'd ſtay,
For him you would avoid th' Imperial Bed.
But hear me, Maid —— Nay, do not kneel and weep,
Nor think to mollifie me with thy Pray'rs:
For know thy Sentence is already paſs'd,
Nor is it in my Power to reverſe it.
Already I've contracted for thy Beauty,
And all things are prepar'd for thy Reception.
Therefore, no more —— Attend me in this Hour
To be preſented to the World's great Lord;
Farewel, and think of nothing but Obedience. [*Exit.*

Abr. O harſh Command! Cruel, Hard-hearted *Murſa*,
Inexorable, obſtinate old Man!
Obedience! What Obedience? And to whom? ———
But why (alas!) do I deliberate,
As if I were my own, and all my Actions
At Liberty? Superior Violence

O'er-rules my Will; I muſt of force obey,
Becauſe I have no Pow'r to make Reſiſtance,
And am too impotent to be Rebellious.

Enter Zaida *and* Pyrrhus.

Zaid. In Tears? —— But ſee, I bring you Comfort, Madam.

Abr. My Lord, my Life return'd? Then all my Woes
Shall be forgot, at leaſt I will a while
Suſpend my Griefs, and be all Joy and Pleaſure,
To welcome, with the moſt tranſporting Raptures,
All that my Soul holds dear.

Pyr. Thou loveliest Creature,
I too, at Sight of thee, have loſt the Senſe
Of paſt Misfortunes —— Juſt at my Arrival
Laſt Night, by favour of the friendly Darkneſs,
Hither I came private and unattended,
Directed, by thy Letters, to the Place
Of thy Abode; and ever ſince have waited
For a convenient Opportunity
To gain Admiſſion here; which *Murſa*'s Abſence,
And *Zaida*'s Help at laſt have giv'n. —— And now,
At the reviving Proſpect of thy Beauties,
Grief leaves my Breaſt, and healing Joy ſucceeds.
Thou ſmil'ſt —— Let Fortune frown then, I'll deſpiſe her,
I'll not regard the Sultan's cold Reception,
Since I am welcome to theſe Arms. ——

Abr. Yes, my dear Lord, I may without a Bluſh
Receive theſe chaſte Embraces; and to you,
Who love with Honour, I with Innocence
May give theſe Tokens of my vow'd Fidelity.
But I, alas! am doom'd to guilty Joys,
To the deteſted Arms of *Mahomet*.
I muſt, in ſpight of me, reſign my Honour,
And rob you of your Right. —— Injurious *Murſa*,
Deſpiſing Tears, and deaf to all Intreaties,
Has ſworn this Hour to yield me to the Sultan;
And I by honeſt Shifts, and commendable Cheats,
No longer can deceive him. ——

Pyr. O the Villain!
Can ought that's Human harbour ſo much Baſeneſs?
Are then the Joys of this bleſs'd Meeting daſh'd
So ſoon? So ſoon will Fortune ſnatch thee from me,
And mock my vain Embraces? —— Thus like one

Who in a Dream, with mighty Toil and Labour,
Strives to embrace ſome viſionary Form,
Juſt as he ſeems to claſp the lovely Object,
It ſlides away, and vaniſhes to Air:
So I, who thro' oppoſing Difficulties
Have cut my tedious Way to thy lov'd Arms,
At length am diſappointed, and but ſee thee
To take my laſt Farewel.——O ſlipp'ry State
Of Human Pleaſures, fleet and volatile!——
Giv'n us, and ſnatch'd again in one ſhort Moment
To mortifie our Hopes, and edge our Suff'rings!

Abr. When you, in a Phyſician's Garb diſguis'd,
Came without Interruption to my Lodgings;
I unſuſpected could diſſemble Sickneſs.
But when the Clamours of your ſuff'ring Country
Tore you from me, and ſent you to the Wars:
Then, leſt my harmleſs Fraud at length ſhould be
Detected by a true Phyſician's Skill;
I was oblig'd to quit my feign'd Diſtemper,
And own my ſelf Recov'ring.

Pyr. 'Twas, indeed,
Impoſſible for thee long to ſucceed
In ſuch a Fraud, unleſs thou cou'dſt with Art
Extinguiſh all thy Charms; for ſurely none
Could ſo far be impos'd on, as to think
That the grim Form of pale and meagre Sickneſs
Could e'er be ſeated in a Face ſo lovely.

Abr. With many a vain Excuſe, and falſe Pretence
Did I, 'till now, defer the fatal Hour:
But the inſatiate Avarice of *Murſa*,
No longer patient of my ſlight Evaſions,
Reſolv'd at laſt, and fix'd upon this Day
To Sacrifice me to the Sultan's Pleaſure.

Pyr. Can nothing then content that greedy *Tartar*,
But Trading with the Purchaſe of thy Virtue?
Damn'd Avarice! Curſed, deſtructive Avarice!
Thou everlaſting Foe to Love and Honour!——
What will not this vile Merchant turn to Traffick,
If Chaſtity it ſelf be ſet to Sale,
And Innocence and Virtue cannot 'ſcape him?
But I'll not talk away theſe precious Moments:——
But fly with all the Wings that Love can lend,

To find this ſordid, mercenary Churl,
And gorge his rav'nous Appetite with Gold;
I'll buy thee off, redeem thee from Diſgrace,
And once defraud my Maſter.—— [*Going.*
Abr. Stay, my Lord,
And let not your Concern for my Deliv'rance
Hurry you on to things impracticable.
You know you often have propos'd theſe Means
To me before; and I as often told you
The Royal Funds will ſcarce ſuffice to ſlake
His raging Thirſt of Gold: Then he's Perverſe,
Wilful and Froward, Poſitive and Proud;
Has long with Pleaſure hugg'd this great Deſign,
Fed with vaſt Hopes of Grandeur; and conceiv'd
Such ſtrange Opinions of my fatal Beauty,
That half the World he thinks too little Recompence
For ſuch a Preſent. This I oft have told you,
And you have thought it Reaſon.
Pyr. True, I have;
But then I had not that high Eminence
Of Pow'r and Greatneſs which I now poſſeſs;
Nor Wealth enough, perhaps, to raiſe a Bribe
Sufficient; but he will not ſure refuſe
So vaſt a Treaſure as I now can give:
Beſides, my Honour and Authority
Will awe him to Compliance.
Abr. Were that true,
Yet 'tis too late: He cannot now comply——
His Word is gone too far to be recall'd:
The fatal Contract for my Virgin Honour
Already is agreed on, and e'er this
The Purchaſe paid; and ſhould you urge him now,
Perhaps, incens'd by your Sollicitations,
He may inform the Sultan of your Love;
And then your Life, my Lord, will be in Danger.
Pyr. And what can Life afford deſirable,
When thou art loſt for ever?
Abr. But perhaps
Some more ſecure Expedient may be found
To reſcue me from Shame, and ſave my Honour,
Without the Hazard of your precious Life.
Pyr. Oh no!——I am not now what once I was——

For,

For, ſince I parted from thee, Fate has tarniſh'd
My Glories, and o'erwhelm'd me with Misfortunes.
When leading firſt my Troops to ſuccour *Buda*,
I enter'd on that fatal Expedition;
I thought to give ſuch Tokens of my Valour
And Conduct, that I might with Confidence
Dare beg thee of my Royal Maſter's Bounty,
As a Reward for my paſt Services.
But Fortune has defeated thoſe Deſigns——
Yet ſtill ſome Hopes I have——The *Kiſler Aga*,
Who governs all in the Seraglio,
To whom you are preſented, is my Friend.
Perhaps his prudent Management may yet
Recover all.—— Mean while, farewel, my Love:
I muſt to Court, to juſtifie my Conduct,
And clear me to the Sultan.

Abr. Part ſo ſoon!
Perhaps to meet no more——Indeed 'tis hard.——

Pyr. Thou weep'ſt; O ſtop that Show'r of falling Sorrows,
Which melts me to the Softneſs of a Woman,
And ſhakes my beſt Reſolves.——'Tis hard indeed——
So hard, that I have need of all my Courage
And manly Reaſon, to ſupport the Thought.——
Short have our Meetings been, by Stealth enjoy'd,
By interrupted, broken Interviews,
And murder'd by the Pangs of often Parting.
Such as ſad Spirits prove, who nightly wander
To viſit the lov'd Objects they admire;
Permitted for a while to hover round 'em,
But quickly warn'd away.——Yet ev'n They go
With leſs Regret than I, when at the Dawn
They lag behind, and fain would longer ſtay;
'Till ſick'ning at the Morn's unwelcome Ray,
By force they yield to Fate, and ling'ring leave the Day.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to a Royal Apartment.* Mahomet *ſeated in State.* *Prince* Solyman, Haly, Cuproli, *Baſſa's*, *Janizaries*, &c.

Mah. Our Prophet ſeems unmindful of his Charge,
And leaves our Empire to be ſteer'd at random
By blind uncertain Chance; for did not he

Sit at his Eaſe, and ſlumber unconcern'd;
He would not tamely have reſign'd my Honour,
Nor ſuffer'd, ſpight of all my beſt Endeavours,
My darling *Buda* to be raviſh'd from me.
Cupr. The Prophet, Royal Sir, has done his Part
By ſubſtituting You to govern for him;
And having to your Care entruſted all,
He thinks he ſafely may a while withdraw
His Tutelar Pow'r, and leave the World
To You, his great Vice-gerent: And had You
Been equally ſucceſsful in your Choice
Of all thoſe Miniſters who move beneath you,
Buda had ſtill been ours.
Sol. I always thought
The Viſier's Conduct would prove fatal to us.
Hal. This ſtrange Miſcarriage has indeed abated
The high Eſteem which I long entertain'd
For that great Man; and if free Liberty
Be granted to diſcloſe our real Sentiments,
It ſeems to me——
Mah. Be ſilent——I perceive
You're all agreed with Fortune, to depreſs
The riſing Glories of the Noble *Pyrrhus*;
And nought more eaſie, than with formal Rhet'rick
To caſt the Odium of a Battle loſt
On him that manag'd it: But you forget
That dire Misfortune, and the Chance of War,
Often defeat the beſt Contrivances.
And ſince in many dang'rous Fields of Battle
He has giv'n ſuch Proof of his undaunted Valour,
Thoſe Laurels which his conqu'ring Sword has won
Should ſhadow this Miſcarriage.
Enter a Janizary.
Jan. Mighty Monarch,
Th' unfortunate Grand-Viſier is arriv'd,
And humbly craves Admittance.
Mah. Bid him enter. [*Exit Janiz.*
Now all prepare from his own Mouth to hear
The Vindication of his injur'd Honour.
Enter Pyrrhus.
Is this the Man ſo much renown'd in War
For Cities ſtorm'd, and Battles bravely fought?

Does it become the celebrated *Pyrrhus*
To enter like a private Sentinel
Constantinople's Gates?
Then unattended to appear at Court,
And send in his Petition for Admittance?
Not so he look'd, when throng'd with Multitudes
Of the applauding Soldiers, he arriv'd,
When waving Colours did adorn his Triumph,
And Trumpets sprightly Sound proclaim'd his Entry.
Pyr. With such Magnificence, and Martial Pomp,
'Till now, were my Arrivals always honour'd;
The thund'ring Ordnance loudly welcom'd me;
And, what was more, the Sov'raign of the World
With gracious Looks, and open Arms receiv'd me.
But now (O dire Reverse of fickle Chance!)
I come inglorious, like a Criminal,
To clear my Honour, and excuse my Conduct.
Mah. Begin then, and as bravely as you fought
Redeem your Reputation.
Pyr. As I fought?
Have I then liv'd to be arraign'd of Cowardise?
Ask brave *Loraine*, that Thunderbolt of War,
Or great *Bavaria*, ask those mighty Chiefs
If ever I in Fight declin'd their Arms,
Or e'er was startled at the Face of Danger.
But 'twas not in my Pow'r t'inspire my Troops
With Souls as large, and fearless as my own.
All my Designs and Methods still were cross'd
By some unlucky, thwarting Accident,
As if the unseen Hand of Providence
Had interpos'd, on purpose to defeat
My close Contrivances, and break my Measures.
Hal. He little thinks whose Providence it was
That foil'd his Policy. [*Aside to* Cupr.
Pyr. Whate'er Designs,
Tho' manag'd with the greatest Secresie,
I had resolv'd upon, the Enemy,
As if fore-knowing what I had decreed,
Still mov'd against them, and prevented me.
So that I much suspect I was betray'd
By hidden Treach'ry, and some envious Bassa
To whom in Council I reveal'd my Thoughts,

Kept ſecret Correſpondence with the Foe,
And gave Intelligence.
Sol. A lucky Gueſſer. [*Aſide to* Haly.
Pyr. But if your Highneſs for full Satisfaction
Demand a more particular Account,
This Paper will inform you, ſign'd by moſt
Of th' eminent Commanders in the Army,
In which at large they juſtifie my Conduct,
And wipe off all Aſperſions. [*Preſents a Writing.*
Mah. You have indeed giv'n ample Satisfaction,
And tho' o'ercome you acquit your ſelf with Honour;
My *Pyrrhus* ſtill deſerves my beſt Eſteem,
And claims the higheſt place in my Affections.
[*Comes from the Throne, and embraces him.*
Therefore let theſe Embraces witneſs for me,
That I impute this Loſs to no Defect
In you; but praiſe your Conduct, and your Valour.
Continue ſtill t' enjoy your Dignity,
And be the ſecond Perſon in that Empire,
Which with your Sword ſo bravely you defend.
What tho' our Glory be a while obſcur'd?
The cleareſt Day is not without ſome Cloud.
The next Campaign will give, what this has loſt,
And while th' Heroick *Pyrrhus* ſhines in Arms
Our wide Dominions ſhall the World o'er-run,
And my pale Creſcent brighten to a Sun. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The* Seraglio.

Enter Haly *and* Cuproli.

Hal. DID you obſerve with what a thund'ring Tone
The Royal Boaſter talk'd? how loud he bluſter'd?
As if the Loſs of this important Place
Had added to the Grandeur of his Empire.
Cupr. The Panegyrick of his darling *Pyrrhus*
Tranſported him ſo far, that he forgot
His ſhameful Overthrow, and look'd as ſtern

As if his Foes were all in Battle ſlain,
And *Buda* ſtill were Part of his Dominions.
Hal. And ſo it now had been, had not my Care,
My vigilant, unweary'd Diligence
Still balk'd, and undermin'd the Viſier's Conduct.
For I muſt own (tho' curſing let me ſpeak it)
A braver Gen'ral never ſhone in Steel;
And yet his Skill in warlike Diſcipline
So cools, and qualifies his matchleſs Courage,
That it ne'er conquers the reſtraining Bounds
Of Reaſon, or degen'rates into Raſhneſs:
'Tis no impetuous Sally of the Blood;
But 'tis the Conſtitution of his Soul,
And can no more———
Cupr. Cankers conſume your Tongue;
Muſt you too in his Praiſe turn Orator,
And waſte on ſo deteſtable a Subject
Your awkward Rhetorick?
Hal. Miſtake me not;———
Tho' I do Juſtice to his Character,
You cannot boaſt a more exalted Hatred
Againſt the Viſier's Perſon, than my ſelf;
Who have with ſuch Dexterity defeated
His Plots, and render'd all his Hopes abortive.
Cupr. But to what purpoſe? ſince he's rooted ſtill
As deep as ever in the Sultan's Favour;———
But by the Rage that glows within my Breaſt,
He ſhall not 'ſcape me thus, tho' now he ſhines
Above us all, and lords it o'er his Betters;
And, while he moves in that exalted Sphere,
Injuriouſly debars me from my Right.
For that high Office by Inheritance
Is due to me, who am the Son and Brother
Of two ſucceſſive Viſiers; why ſhould I,
My Friend, be thought unworthy of that Honour
Which my Great Father, and my Elder Brother
With ſuch Succeſs have manag'd?
Hal. Mahomet
No doubt can give a Reaſon.
Cupr. Mahomet?
That Name begins to grate my Ears as harſhly
As that of the ſcarce more deteſted *Pyrrhus*.

For how can I pay dutiful Allegiance
To him, who ne'er regarding my Desert
Has giv'n my Right to that aſpiring Upſtart,
And ſtill ſupports him, wears him next his Heart
In ſpight of all——— But ſee, the hated Viſier
Appears, and with him that black ominous Dog
The *Kiſler Aga*——Death!——my Blood ferments
At ſight of 'em——— Let us retire, and ſhun
Their Walk; the Air they breathe in is not wholſom. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pyrrhus, *and the* Kiſler Aga.

Pyr. Ha! *Cuproli*, and *Haly!* Their Cabals
Portend no Good to me.———
For I've obſerv'd that thoſe two haughty Courtiers
Since my Advancement have, with envious Eyes,
Beheld my Honours; with a gloomy Look
They ſcowl upon me, if I chance to meet them:
Then with a ſtiff, unwilling Bow they pay me
Surly Reſpect, and ſullenly paſs by.

Kiſl. This arrogant Behaviour gives———

Pyr. No more———
I have no Time to waſte on Toys like theſe;
The Care of Life and Safety muſt employ
My leiſure Hours; at preſent I've Affairs
Of greater Moment.——You've already heard
The Story of my Love, and *Murſa*'s Baſeneſs;
And e'er an Hour is paſt, you will receive
The beauteous *Abra* from that Monſter's Hand.

Kiſl. Already I've receiv'd that lovely Maid;
And ſure ſhe is ſo exquiſitely fram'd,
That I who many Years have dealt in Beauty,
And had the faireſt Females from all Parts
Committed to my Care, ne'er yet beheld,
'Mongſt ſuch Variety of Foreign Charms,
A Virgin half ſo lovely——— She excels
Ev'n *Engliſh* Beauties, and eclipſes all
Thoſe various Nations, who with Pride attend
Upon the Sultan's Pleaſures.

Pyr. O! She is all Perfection; and tho' born
In a cold frozen Clime, o'er-ſpread with Ice
And driving Snow, (which, if compar'd with hers,
Loſes its Whiteneſs) yet her Eyes dart Fire
Able to melt the moſt benum'd of Hearts

With kindling Warmth, and thaw it into Softneſs.
Therefore, my Friend, as thou regard'ſt my Life,
Conſpire with me in this, 'tis honeſt Fraud;
Secretly free her from this new Confinement,
And, while thou canſt, reſtore her to my Wiſhes.
Kiſſ. What you propoſe is hazardous and difficult:
Her Beauty could not 'ſcape th' obſerving Eyes
Of ſome in the Seraglio; and be ſure
I've Spies enough upon me, who for hope
Of a Reward, will give the Sultan notice
Of ſuch unfaithful Dealing —— One I know
Who has it in her Pow'r t'inform againſt me.
For to divert the beauteous Stranger's Sadneſs,
I recommended her to the Acquaintance
Of one who holds the very next Apartment;
Whom I commanded by her frequent Viſits,
To chear her Solitude.
Pyr. O fear not her:
She never will inform; but rather chuſe
(For her own ſake) t' aſſiſt thee in removing
Her charming Rival hence.
Kiſſ. Perhaps ſhe might,
Had ſhe that Youth and Bloom ſhe once enjoy'd:
But this is one, whoſe antiquated Beauty
Has loſt the Privilege of the Sultan's Bed;
And is beſtow'd upon the Prince his Brother,
The am'rous *Solyman*. However, Sir,
I ſhall obſerve her Temper; Gold perhaps
May bribe her to be ſilent, and the reſt
Time may diſpatch beyond your Expectation.
Nor are they groundleſs Hopes —— I have a Project,
(At leiſure you ſhall hear Particulars)
Which, tho' it cannot now be executed,
May one Day crown your Loves.
Pyr. 'Till then, my Friend,
Be it thy Care to keep her from the Sight
Of *Mahomet*; who, as he is o'erwhelm'd
With Cares, and vex'd at unſucceſsful War,
Neglects his Loves; and therefore will forbear
To claim her of thee, while he's ignorant
How beautiful a Treaſure he poſſeſſes.
Mean while my Care ſhall be to fill his Mind

With freſh Supplies of Buſ'neſs, to divert him
From am'rous Thoughts —— The reſt of my Deſign
I will impart hereafter —— One thing more ——
Let *Zaida* ſtill have free Admiſſion to her;
Her Converſation will abate her Melancholy,
And make the Time leſs tedious.

Kiſſ. Doubt not, Sir,
Of my Fidelity, and be aſſur'd
Your Cares are mine. —— [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Re-enter Haly *and* Cuproli.

Hal. 'Twas greatly thought; but an Attempt ſo daring
Staggers my Reſolution.

Cupr. Canſt thou ſcruple?
I tell thee, Fate is in our Enterprize,
I ſee it written in th' eternal Volume,
That *Mahomet* muſt tumble —— All your Doubts
Will quickly vaniſh, if you but reflect
On his paſt Reign, which ſtill has been attended
With one continu'd Series of Misfortunes.
You need not be inform'd that ill Succeſs
Renders a Sultan odious in the Eyes
Of th' unreflecting Vulgar, who conclude
That angry Heav'n will never be aton'd,
'Till they remove him from th' Imperial Seat.
Our Army's unexpected Overthrow
Before *Vienna*, whence they were repuls'd
After a tedious and expenſive Siege,
You know incens'd the murm'ring Populace,
And ev'n the ruling Part of the *Divan*,
But the late Loſs of *Buda* has enrag'd them
Beyond all Bounds, and now they only want
Some Perſon of Authority to head 'em,
And fire 'em with the Name of *Solyman*
The next Succeſſor, who will eaſily
Be wrought into our Plot —— What think you now?

Hal. Why now I am convinc'd that *Mahomet*
Sits looſe upon his Throne: H has long been tott'ring,
And nothing now is wanting, but our Help
To haſten Fate, and finiſh his Deſtruction.

Cupr. Yes; ſince he ſtill protects my mortal Foe,
He ſhall be thrown from the Imperial Seat,
And cruſh that Fav'rite with his dreadful Ruins.

Thus

Thus I at once ſhall ſatiate my Revenge,
And glut Ambition; for the next Succeſſor
I know will do me right; and thou, my Friend,
Shalt then enjoy the third Place in the Empire
Which hated *Karah-Ibraim* now uſurps,
And thou ſo well deſerv'ſt.

Hal. You over-rate
My Actions, if you think they can deſerve
The third Place in the Empire——Tho' at preſent
I ſee no Cauſe why I ſhould not be thought
As worthy of the ſecond, as your ſelf. } [*Aſide.*
But what if unaſpiring *Solyman*,
Control'd by Checks of Conſcience, ſhould refuſe
So daring a Propoſal? He's the Hinge
On which our Project turns, and ſhould he fail us,
Our Plots are all unravell'd.

Cupr. I confeſs
'Tis in his Pow'r to fruſtrate all our Hopes;
Nor can this bold Conſpiracy ſucceed,
Unleſs that Prince concur to our Deſign.
For tho' the Soldiers Hearts be alienated
From *Mahomet*, yet they will ne'er revolt,
'Till the next Prince of the Imperial Line
Appear, and urge his Title to the Throne.

Hal. Then *Solyman*, I fear, will ne'er comply
With our Deſires.

Cupr. 'Tis true he wants Ambition,
And melancholy Blood retards the Springs
Of his unactive Soul; and, what is worſe,
He talks of Virtue, Conſcience, and Religion.
But then he's am'rous, ſubtle, and deſigning;
And thou and I, by long and near Acquaintance,
Have gain'd an abſolute Aſcendant o'er him.
By means of which we may, without Reſtraint,
Uſe the moſt cogent Arguments to fire
His Soul with glorious Thoughts of Fame and Empire.
Ha! we have talk'd him hither——

Enter Solyman.

Sol. What is the Subject of Debate, my Friends?

Cupr. Why, Sir, we were conſulting which is better,
To ſuffer by the Bow-ſtring or the Scymitar.

Sol. But why that Queſtion?

Cupr...

Cupr. 'Tis a proper one,
For that we are to die is past all Doubt.
Sol. Your Reason?
Cupr. You know we have arraign'd the Visier's Conduct
Before the Sultan; but without Success.
And since we have not, as we first design'd,
Completed his Destruction, 'tis most certain
We have effectually procur'd our own.
For having openly declar'd our selves
Enemies to that Fav'rite, we have drawn
Mahomet's Hatred on us, who, you know,
Can never rest, while any he suspects
Is Master of a Head.
Sol. Then I, it seems,
Am subject to like Danger.
Cupr. True, you are;
And how you can digest such rough, coarse Treatment
I know not. Can you perish like a Slave?
Think ——You are born a Prince —— Think on that only.
Hal. Can you be strangled by th' accurs'd Hands,
Of haggard Mutes? whose Dumbness speaks more Horror
Than all th' insulting, barb'rous Eloquence
Of cruel, talking Executioners:
Whose ever gloomy and unalter'd Looks
Shew they are not more dumb, than deaf to Pity.
Indeed for such Plebeian Souls as ours
It matters not; but is it fitting, Sir,
Is't fitting that a Prince born to command
The World, should suffer by th' unhallow'd Hands
Of such detested Villains?
Sol. But what Means
Are to be us'd for Safety and Prevention?
Cupr. The Means are obvious; since we are embark'd
In a Design so dang'rous, we're oblig'd
To push the Expedition on, with all
Our Might, and drive our Treasons to the Head;
For nothing can secure us now from Punishment
For our past Actions, but atchieving greater.
Sol. I know not what you drive at.
Cupr. To be plain,
The Sultan must be ruin'd, or we perish.
Sol. Ha!

Hal.

Hal. Why do you ſtart, my Lord? 'Tis no new thing
To ſee a Sultan tumbled from the Throne.
Sol. I'll hear no more o' this.
Cupr. What Pity 'tis
That I had not your Brith, or you my Soul!———
A Prince without Ambition!———
O monſtrous Contradiction! How it ſounds!
For ſhame, Sir, lay aſide theſe grov'ling Thoughts,
Exert your Royalty, and be your ſelf,
Or I ſhall grow your Rival, and ſuſpect
That, ſince one Night gave Being to us both,
Our Mothers by Conſent exchang'd their Infants:
And tho' I'm cheated of my glorious Birth,
You are the Viſier's Son, and I the Prince.
Hal. I muſt confeſs, I thought the Univerſe
Could not have ſhewn a Breaſt ſo void of Fire,
As to reject with Coldneſs and Diſdain
The Empire of the World. At ſuch a Proffer
You ſhould have bounded from the Earth with Tranſport,
Have thrown your eager Arms about our Necks,
With ſparkling Eyes, and Cheeks that glow'd Ambition,
And pray'd for thouſand Bleſſings on our Heads.
O how inſenſible, how ſpiritleſs
Is he, whom all the dazzling Charms of Greatneſs,
And uncontrol'd Dominion cannot move!
Sol. My Friends, you are too violent, and miſtake me;
I am not of ſo mortify'd a Spirit,
As to reject the golden Reins of Empire;
But yet I am not ſo in love with Pow'r
As to diſſolve the ſacred Ties of Nature,
And break thro' all Reſtraint of Law and Conſcience,
To make my ſelf Lord of the Univerſe.
No——I would ſooner live and die in Silence,
Untalk'd of by the World, than gain a Throne
By ſuch illegal Means.——
Hal. But ſure your Conſcience muſt be over-nice,
If you call that Illegal and Unjuſt
Which Nature has commanded: Self-defence
Is her firſt Principle——Think on your Wrongs,
Conſider you can never injure him,
Since he's th' unjuſt Aggreſſor. Has he not
Debarr'd you from the Pleaſures of the Court,

Confin'd you to a Guard? and, what is worse,
Has he not thrice attempted on your Life?
Which had infallibly been sacrificed,
To satiate his unnat'ral Thirst of Blood,
Had not the Sultaness with pious Fraud
Cheated his Cruelty.

Sol. All this I grant;
But were his Crimes more num'rous than they are,
And he a blacker Devil than you make him;
Yet could I ne'er consent to urge his Fate,
Nor mount that Throne from which my Brother fell
By lawless Violence —— As for your Lives,
I know he dares not think a Thought against them.
For in this doubtful Posture of Affairs
His Int'rest is to sooth the Populace,
Who by our Deaths would be incens'd to Madness.

Cupr. Suppose your Life be safe, which yet I question;
I'd sooner die the most abhor'd of Deaths,
Than live as you do. —— Princes of the Blood,
And Brothers to the Sultan? His Slaves rather;
Forc'd to comply with all his Savage Humours,
Abridg'd of Pleasure, and of Liberty.
For should you dare to cast an amorous Glance
On one of those innumerable Beauties,
Whom his unbounded Luxury engrosses,
Your Head must pay the Forfeit of your Eyes.
'Tis true; when they grow stale and antiquated,
To you his Generosity resigns 'em.
He riotously enjoys their Youth and Bloom,
Then leaves their Age, and Ugliness to you:
Himself he feasts, but lightly puts you off
With the vile Scraps and Leavings of his Lust.

Sol. I prithee, Friend, no more.

Cupr. Yes, Sir, I've done.
Now you may go, impeach us to the Sultan,
(For you, I find, are rank'd among his Creatures)
And take our Lives, for saucily endeav'ring
To make you happy; and we'll die, my Friend, [*To Mal.*
Without repining at our Destiny;
Since *Solyman* has sworn to have it so.

Sol. You do me wrong by such unjust Suspicions;
My Friendship to you both is firm as ever:

Nor shall my Aid be wanting to assist
Your Plots against the Visier, and advance you
To those high Honours which your Merits claim.
But for my Brother's Fate —— no more o' that;
My Friends, let me intreat you to retire,
And leave me to my self. ——
Hal. We go; in hopes that when we meet again,
Your Resolution will not be so strong
Against your Int'rest. —— [*Ex.* Hal. *and* Cupr.

Solyman *solus.*

No; I am not in haste to hold the Reins
Of this unmanageable Government,
Oppress'd by its own Weight, and lessen'd by its Greatness.
'Tis true; were ours, like other Monarchies,
Founded on wholsome Laws, supported by them,
Aided by Senates; or did King and People
Think it their Int'rest to assist each other;
Th' *Ottoman* Throne would then be worth Ambition.
But what, alas! is Arbitrary Rule?
He's far the greater and the happier Monarch,
Whose Pow'r is bounded by coercive Laws;
Since while they limit, they preserve his Empire.
Yet what my fiery Friends have urg'd, has made
Some slight Impression on me —— *Mahomet*
With jealous Eyes surveys me, thwarts my Loves;
And keeps the Youth of his Seraglio from me.
Which would indeed be insupportable,
Did not my trusty Confident *Marama*
By stealth convey to my desiring Arms
Some of his choicest Beauties; by her Wit
I cheat the Sultan, and enjoy those Pleasures
Which vainly he imagines all his own,
And quite debarr'd from all the World beside.

Enter Marama.

My dear *Marama* ——
Mar. O Sir, you're obliging:
But are my Charms of such attractive Force
As to extort that passionate Expression?
If so; if I deserve that am'rous Title,
Why are you not content with my Embraces
Which *Mahomet* allows you? No —— I'm old;
And my decaying Beauty is laid by,

Scorn'd and despis'd: Those soft endearing Words
Are not bestow'd upon me for my sake,
But for their sakes, whom I by various Arts
Persuade to make you happy; so that now
I gain your Love by other Women's Charms,
And only please by Proxy.

Sol. No, Thou'rt all amiable; such sprightly Wit,
Such depth of Thought, so fertile an Invention
Shall ever claim the Love of all our Sex,
And Wonder of thy own.

Mar. Well, slighted as I am, I yet am true,
And give such Proofs of my Fidelity
As sure no Woman ever gave before;
Nor ever will again, while I employ
My Female Cunning, Plot, and rack my Brain,
To bring my happy Rivals to your Arms.
This very Hour have I been lab'ring for you;
Height'ning your Character, and kindling Love
In the most Charming Maid I ever saw,
With whom, though now she be but just arriv'd,
I by the *Kisler*'s positive Command,
And my familiar manner of Address,
Already have contracted some Acquaintance.
The *Kisler* (for what Reason is a Secret)
Seems not in haste to shew her to the Sultan;
And she, as if not conscious of her Beauty,
Is not ambitious to appear before him.
These Circumstances favour my Design;
Which you must now engage in: I've contriv'd
A way to guide you into her Apartment;
Where you may sigh and languish at her Feet,
T' express a Passion which the Sight of her
Must needs inspire you with.

Sol. O my *Marama*,
Lead me this Moment, lead me to that Place
Where I may see this Master-piece of Nature;
And then continue to assist my Love,
And perfect what thou hast so well begun.
Dethrone my Brother? No, there's no Temptation: [*Aside.*
I never envy'd him the Toils of State;
Now ev'n in Love I'm happier far than he,
For tho' he riots 'midst a thousand Beauties,

He wants the Lover's greateſt Happineſs:
He his fair Slaves commands, and to his Arms
They ſtrait reſign their unreſiſting Charms;
But I my Plots and Stratagems prepare,
And court at diſtance the refuſing Fair;
While I from Hope a ſilent Joy conceive,
And ev'n my Fears a doubtful Pleaſure give:
'Till ſhe ſubmits to Love's reſiſtleſs Laws,
And cures the Sickneſs which her ſelf did cauſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, Abra's *Apartment.*

Enter Abra *and* Zaida.

Abr. THE Loſs of Liberty to all Mankind
Is moſt afflictive; but to my gay Sex,——
And ſprightly Youth 'tis inſupportable.
And yet this cloſe Confinement pains me leſs
Than Separation from my much-lov'd Lord:
Were I with him in narrower Bounds impriſon'd,
Impriſonment it ſelf would pleaſe; but ſince
His charming Converſation is deny'd me;
I, like the melancholy Nightingale,
Shut in a Cage, and widow'd from her Lover,
Should languiſh, droop, and pine my ſelf to Death:
If thou, my *Zaida*, faithful to my Suff'rings
Wert not admitted to me, to partake
My Miſeries, and mingle Sorrow with me.

Zaid. Believe me, Madam, 'tis with great Concern
I view your Tears; I cannot ſee you thus:
Let me intreat you, dry your beauteous Eyes;
Diſpel thoſe Clouds, and wear a chearful Air,
Or I muſt call *Marama* to divert you.——

Abr. Why wouldſt thou vex me more with the remembrance
Of that Eternal Talker? She divert me?
No; tho' I ſmooth'd my Looks, while ſhe was by,
And ſmiling ſeem'd to liſten to her Tattle,
So to prevent Suſpicion of my Love;
Yet know with Pain and Torture I endur'd
The Perſecution of her mercileſs Tongue.

For

For nothing is more tedious to a Wretch
O'erwhelm'd with Misery, than to dissemble
His Grief, and be denyd to give it vent;
And none are more impatient of Impertinence
Than the Afflicted ——— How did she torment
My suffring Ears with ill-tim'd, idle Mirth?
With fulsom Praises of the Prince's Beauty,
And with more nauseous Flattery of my own!
Why what's the Prince to me? Suppose his Shape
Be well proportion'd, and his Air so charming;
Yet why must I be teiz'd with such Descriptions?

Zaid. Madam, I wish that part of her Discourse
Were so impertinent as you imagine.

Abr. What means my *Zaida* by those doubtful Words?

Zaid. With reason I suspect 'twas not for nothing
That she appear'd so zealous in his Praise.
I fear she has some deep Design on foot,
Which may occasion more Uneasiness
To you. ——— But see, she has explain'd her Meaning.

Enter Solyman *and* Maranta.

Abr. Confusion, and Surprize! Some Pow'r protect me!

[Solyman *comes forward, and throws himself at her Feet.*

Mar. I see she's fir'd, from her upbraiding Looks
She darts Reproof, and chides me with her Eyes.

Sol. See, Madam, at your Feet a prostrate Prince
Who led by your fam'd Beauty hither comes
(Tho' with apparent Hazard of his Life)
To offer you his unpolluted Vows;
And melt you into Love, or die before you.

Zaid. Is this well done, *Maranta*? ——— Treach'rous Woman!

Mar. Peace, Fool. ——— Thy Mistress knows not her own Int'rest,
If with affected Coyness she refuse him.

Sol. You seem disorder'd, Madam; and I fear
I am th' unhappy Cause of your Disquiet.
I have been rude, and impudently press'd
Upon your Privacy ——— But oh! your Charms
Have taken ample Vengeance on my Folly
By causing more Confusion in my Soul,
Than my intruding Boldness can in yours.
What, not a Look? O turn your beauteous Eyes,
And with another Glance confirm me dead,
If yet I live; ——— for I have drunk so deep

Of

Of Love, that lit already has o'erwhelm'd
My Reason, rais'd a Tempest in my Breast
Which wracks my Soul; but oh! the mighty Pleasure
Rises in just Proportion to the Torment,
And had you pain'd me less, you less had pleas'd me.

Zaid. I see Resentment kindling in her Looks;
As her Surprize abates, her Anger rises,
And Indignation sparkles in her Eyes.

Abr. Yes; you have seen me in Confusion, Sir;
And think perhaps that one whom her Misfortunes
Have made a Slave, will readily comply
With your first Offer, and is fit for nothing
But to be made the Object of Affronts.
But, Prince, I must inform you ——

Sol. O forbear;
Forbear, fair Excellence, to stab me through
With such unkind Expressions. —— You a Slave!
'Tis my Ambition, Madam, to be yours.
But all in vain; for still you are displeas'd!
Yet ev'n your Anger charms, and you appear
Awfully fair, and lovely in your Frowns.
Not our great Prophet's self enjoys such Beauty
In the delicious Groves of Paradise,
When on sweet Beds of Flow'rs ——

Abr. If any thing
Can possibly be more offensive to me
Than Flatt'ry, 'tis Prophaneness. ——

Sol. Such sharp Reproof! pronounc'd with such an Accent,
And with a Look so charmingly severe!
Relentless Fates! Ah! why am I condemn'd
T' offend the only Person in the World
Whom I desire to please? Is't possible
That any Wretch can be more curs'd than I?
When ev'ry Word you speak inflames my Love,
Yet adds to my Despair.

Abr. Fly, Sir, be gone,
While yet you're safe; your Brother will be here,
And certain Death you know's the Consequence.

Sol. And certain Death is welcome, let it come
In the most ghastly Shape it can put on;
Yet your Disdain will fill me with more Horror,
Than all its grisly Terrors. Since my Love,

My

My ſpotleſs Love offends you——Take my Head;
Let me intreat you, Madam, ſacrifice it
To my inexorable Brother's Rage:
Your Love's my firſt Deſire, and Death my ſecond.
This Favour ſure you readily will grant;
Such Pity the diſpleas'd, the cruel *Abra*
Will not deny ev'n to her greateſt Foe,
The curſt, the ſcorn'd, the hated *Solyman*.

Abr. I am not, Sir, deſirous of Revenge;
And therefore pardon you on theſe Conditions,
That you withdraw, ſuppreſs this hopeleſs Love,
And leave me to enjoy that Converſation
Which better ſuits my Sex and Circumſtances.

Sol. Tho' dying Miſers with far leſs Regret
Forſake their Lands, and Bags of hoarded Gold,
Yet, Madam, ev'n in this I will obey.
But when I'm parted from you, think, O think
The Image of your Charms is ſtill before me;
And when I ſleep, (if any Sleep can cloſe
My weeping Eye-lids) then my buſie Fancy
Preſents to me in Dream your lov'd Idea.
And then reflect what Pangs I muſt endure,
What melancholy Days, and reſtleſs Nights,
When I conſider your relentleſs Heart,
And my own loſt Condition.——Think on this,
And then let Pity plead in my Behalf.
And you, kind Fair, (for in your Looks I read [*To Zaida.*
Goodneſs, and ſoft Compaſſion) intercede
With your inexorable Miſtreſs for me.
Be you my Advocate, exert your Int'reſt
In a diſtreſs'd, a dying Lover's Cauſe.
And once more, Madam, e'er I go, I beg you [*To Abra.*
Remember in your Hands my Fate is lodg'd;
From you a Curſe or Bleſſing I derive,
Die when you frown, but with your Smiles revive. [*Ex. with Mar.*

Abr. My Smiles! vain Man! He ſeem'd to mock my Suff'rings,
For who e'er heard of ſmiling Miſery?
Alas! my *Zaida*, what a World of Woe
Had Fate in Store, what mighty Funds of Sorrow
T' increaſe the preſſing Weight of my Misfortunes!
For oh! I fear the diſmal Conſequence
Of this fond Prince's Paſſion.——Haſte, my *Zaida*,

Find

Find out my Lord, and give him timely Notice
Of what has happen'd.——— [*Exit* Zaida.
How great is the Miſtake of our vain Sex,
Who think the Number of their fond Admirers
Alone can make 'em happy!——She indeed
Who unſubdu'd by Love his Pow'r deſies,
May with Delight her num'rous Conqueſts prize;
And view with careleſs Air the Triumphs of her Eyes.
But when thoſe am'rous Pains our Breaſts divide;
We find, in ſpight of our fantaſtick Pride,
We ſhould more true and laſting Pleaſure prove,
Were we belov'd by none, but thoſe we love. [*Scene ſhuts.*

Enter Haly *and* Cuproli.

Hal. The Prince in Love, you ſay——Had you inform'd me
That he's grown fond of Empire, you had told
A Secret worth the hearing.——But what Uſe
Do you intend to make of this Diſcov'ry?

Cupr. Be patient then, and in few Words I'll tell you.
Not half an Hour ago I met the Prince;
Who, tho' he ſeem'd impatient of Delay,
And eager to be gone, abruptly told me
He was engag'd in an Affair of Love;
And juſt then going with his Spy *Marama*
To the Apartment of a beauteous Virgin,
Who came this Day to the Seraglio.
But that which makes directly for my Purpoſe,
And which I ground my Project on, is this:
As yet the Sultan has not ſeen this Beauty;
Nor is the *Kiſler* forward to preſent her,
Nor ſhe to be preſented. *Solyman*
On this builds all his Hopes——If he ſucceed,
And without Difficulty gain his Miſtreſs,
He never will be work'd into our Plot.
Wherefore our Care muſt be t' inform the Sultan
Of this new Beauty; *Mahomet* has a Heart
As ſoft to Love's Impreſſions, as his Brother.
Then when the longing Prince perceives his Hopes
Defeated, and his Miſtreſs raviſh'd from him
By that all-pow'rful Rival, he will need
No more Perſuaſions to dethrone his Brother;
Since that's the only Method he can take
To make him happy, in the full Enjoyment

Of what he ſo impatiently deſires.
Hal. Auſpicious Plot! Sure Miſchief never thrives
Without the Help of Woman.——But which way
Shall we diſcover this important Secret
To *Mahomet?*
Cupr. For that depend on me.
I have a Female Creature in the Court;
Her I'll inſtruct to hint it to his Ear,
And fire his Jealouſie.——Ha! here again?
Enter Pyrrhus, *the* Kiſler Aga, *and* Zaida.
New Interruption from that hateful Pair?
Away, retire; we muſt not be obſerv'd. [*Ex.* Hal. *and* Cupr.
Pyr. Curs'd Accident!——Sure ſome malignant Planet
Which long has ſpar'd me, now of late begins
To ſhed on me its baleful Influence.
A Rival!——This of all my mighty Woes
Comes leaſt expected; with vain flatt'ring Hopes
I comforted my ſelf, that her Confinement,
However grievous to me, would at leaſt
Secure me from the Danger of a Rival.
But now I am deny'd the wretched Privilege,
Which ev'n from my Misfortunes I enjoy'd.
But tell me, *Zaida*, has my Love receiv'd
The Letter which I ſent her? 'Twill perhaps
Be ſome Refreſhment to her troubled Soul
To read thoſe Lines, and bathe them with her Tears.
Zaid. Before I left her, no ſuch Letter came
To her Apartment.——
Kiſl. I deliver'd it
To one of my attending, truſty Slaves;
With ſtrict Command to give it none, but her.
Pyr. But ſee, th'injurious Robber of my Reſt
Appears——
Enter Solyman *muſing.*
Kiſl. The Prince? Pray, good my Lord, retire;
He muſt not ſee us two in Conſultation. [*Exeunt.*
Sol. Do I yet live? Or has Love's wondrous force
Transform'd me to a Ghoſt? My frighted Friends
Will fly me ſoon, and ſhun my lonely Walks.
O were that all, I might be happy ſtill!——
But ſhe whom moſt I labour to purſue,
She, ſhe will fly me, hate me, ſcorn me, loath me;

She will?——She has, she does; and 'tis not likely
That she, who now rejects me with Disdain,
Should fall in Love with my Deformity,——
My meagre Looks, and more than dying Paleness:
Tho' 'tis but just she should with Pity view me,
Since my Deformity will be reflected
From her all-conqu'ring Beauty; 'tis but just
She should at last be kind, and with her Love
Repair the Ruins which her Scorn has made.

Enter Marama.

Mar. Alone, my Lord? You Lovers are so thoughtful——

Sol. O my *Marama*! do not mock my Miseries;
I swear 'tis now no time for trifling with me;——
I have no middle Fate, but now must be——
Most wretched, or most happy.

Mar. Happy, Sir;
For if my Cunning, which ne'er fail'd you yet,
Be not quite harass'd out, that scornful Fair
Shall yet be yours.

Sol. I doubt it, dear *Marama*——
Such keen Reflections, such resentful Looks,
Such fix'd Resolves shew more of Hate than Coyness.
Canst thou not guess the Cause of her Severity?

Mar. I can.

Sol. O speak!

Mar. This Paper will speak for me.——[*Giving a Letter.*

Sol. What's here? Distraction!—*To his faithful* Abra——
Ha! *Absence*——*Vows*——*Fidelity*——*For Souls*
Know no Confinement—O the racking Torture!——
Wondrous familiar! But no Name subscrib'd——
How came you by this Paper?

Mar. I met a Slave posting tow'rds her Apartment;
Whom I, suspecting, stopp'd; and telling him
I was her Friend, and intimate Acquaintance,
And just then going to her, with smooth Words
Persuaded him t' intrust me with his Letter;
With Promise to deliver it that Minute.
At first he scrupl'd;——But at length remembring
That he had seen me with her, slip'd the Paper
Into my Hand, and in a Moment vanish'd.

Sol. Know you not whence it came?

Mar. The Slave was gone

E'er I could ask the Queſtion.
Sol. Curſe on his Haſte.
May all ——— ———
But I'll not waſte my Curſes on a Slave;
No ——— They ſhall all be carefully reſerv'd
For this deteſted Rival ——— Whoe'er he be,
For ever blaſted be the Hand that wrote,
The Heart that dictated theſe fond Expreſſions.
May Fortune ſeem to ſmile upon their Wiſhes;
But when they're juſt upon the Brink of Happineſs,
Secure of Diſappointment, may ſhe then
Sever their Loves, and tear them from each other,
As thus ——— [*About to tear the Letter.*
Mar. Hold, Sir,—What would your Fury do?
This Paper muſt be carefully preſerv'd;
Some of your Friends may by the Character
Diſcover him who ſent it.
Sol. I thank thy Caution; Rage and Jealouſie
Had almoſt turn'd my Brain ——— O to compleat
The direful Curſes which I would denounce
Againſt that Foe who robs me of my Quiet;
May he be ſatisfy'd he has a Rival,
And never know the Perſon; ſo that he
May feel the Pangs and Throes which I endure;
And be as exquiſite a Wretch, as he
Who makes him ſo. ———

Enter Cuproli.

Cupr. My Lord, I came to find you.
Sol. Why then thou cam'ſt to find as very a Madman
As ever rav'd in Chains ——— Know you this Hand?
Cupr. Perfectly as my own; it is the Viſier's,
Too well I know that hated Character,
Which ſign'd me my Commiſſion; which, if Merit
Had been reſpected, that aſpiring Fav'rite
Would have receiv'd from me, not I from him.
Sol. The Viſier? ha! the Viſier? O my *Cuproli*,
Thy Hate againſt him, if compar'd with mine,
Is mild as Children's Love, or Women's Friendſhip.
In Glory he's thy Rival, mine in Love;
Thee he debars from Greatneſs, me from Happineſs;
Which nothing but his Blood can e'er atone for.
Cupr. Now you're indeed a Prince: 'Tis Royal Anger,

But

But Threats do nothing———
Sol. Nor ſhall my Vengeance terminate in Threats;
You know I am not us'd to menace thus,
And therefore may believe I am in earneſt.
Mar. My Company at preſent may be ſpar'd;
I will withdraw, and ſeek ſome other Place,
Where I may do more Service.——— [*Exit.*
Cupr. I do believe you; in your Looks appears
Noble Reſentment, and you now reſolve
(I read it in your Eyes) to fill the Throne,
And bleſs your longing People with your Reign.
Sol. O torture not my Brain with curs'd Ambition;
To which I always was averſe; but now
Much more than ever, ſince my lab'ring Soul
Is wholly taken up with Thoughts of Love.
Cupr. Why 'tis your Love that I deſign to further;
The Viſier ſtands betwixt your Hopes and you:
Nor can you ever hurt a Hair of his,
While *Mahomet* is able to protect him.
Sol. So you have often ſaid.
Cupr. And 'tis too true;
Wherefore you either muſt contentedly
Forego your Miſtreſs, or Dethrone your Brother.
Sol. Why ſhould he ſuffer for the Viſier's Fault?
My Brother's not my Rival———
Cupr. Say you ſo?
He is e'er this, unleſs my truſty Agent
Has plaid my falſe.——— [*Aſide.*
Sol. Retire, my worthy Friend;
Give me a Moment's Thought, and I will follow,
And then impart my final Reſolution.
Cupr. Farewel, my Lord.——I ſee I have him ſure;
For if my Arguments prove ineffectual,
My Project cannot fail; it matters not
Tho' I want Rhet'rick, ſince my Stratagem
Will amply make amends for that Defect. [*Exit.*
Sol. Forego my Love? No——ſooner ſhall the Frame
Of Nature be unravel'd——yet my Soul
Shrinks at the Horror of my Brother's Fate,
And 'tis my firſt Endeavour to complete
My Happineſs without diſturbing his.
But if it be decreed that either he

Muſt

Muſt quit his Throne, or I that charming Maid,
My Choice is made; it will be leſs unnat'ral
To break the Tie of Kindred than of Love.
Enter the Kiſler Aga.
But ſee, here comes the Meſſenger of Death.
I fear I am betray'd.
Kiſl. My Lord, your Ear;
Can you not gueſs my Bus'neſs?
Sol. Gueſſing, Sir,
Is not my Talent; pray explain your ſelf,
And I may apprehend.
Kiſl. I hear of late
You are grown the Sultan's Rival in his Pleaſures.
Sol. Spare your Preambles, and without more Preface
Speak your Thoughts boldly, ſay in ſhort you came
To give me notice of approaching Death.
Kiſl. Your Fears are groundleſs: True, I know your Fault,
And muſt, my Lord, upbraid you for your Raſhneſs;
But not one Drop of your illuſtrious Blood
Shall through my Information e'er be ſpilt.
Sol. Ha!
Kiſl. Nay more; I came to proffer you my Service;
And am ſo far from enterpriſing ought
Againſt your Life, that I will ſtake my own
To make you happy.
Sol. You have ſo o'erpower'd me
With unexpected Kindneſs, that my Tongue
Is mute, and Speech too ſcanty to expreſs
My inward Gratitude.——— I cannot thank you.
Kiſl. Nor ought you pay your Thanks 'till I deſerve 'em,
Which I e'er long will do; for if my Int'reſt
In the Seraglio be worth deſiring,
You may command it: She for whom you ſigh,
She ſhall be yours; and ſure that lovely Maid
As much excels the Sultan's other Beauties
As you the Sultan.
Sol. I can hold no longer;
My ſtruggling Gratitude muſt have ſome vent;
And ſince in Words it cannot, thus it ſpeaks,
And thus, and thus.——— [*Hugs him.*
Kiſl. Reſerve your Raptures for your Miſtreſs's Ear,
Whoſe Beauty for your ſake I will conceal

From

From *Mahomet*; mean while we may have leisure
For Consultation, and contrive the Means
To bring her to your Arms——— Your noble Carriage,
And more than Princely Qualities command
The Service and Respect of all that know you.
Therefore if any Obstacle there be
Which may be prejudicial to your Love,
Tell it me, Sir, that I with timely Care
May labour to remove it.
Sol. There is a dreadful one;
The Visier is my Rival.
Kisl. This goes well. [*Aside.*
The Visier? Sure you have been miss-inform'd.
Sol. This Letter will convince you, which just now
I intercepted.———
Kisl. Give it me, my Lord; [Sol. *gives the Letter.*
That I with this may prove his bold Presumption,
And to his Face confront him.——— Doubt not, Sir,
But I with Threats shall force him to desist.
Enter Pyrrhus *behind.*
Sol. Now, *Mahomet*, thou art again secure;
I shall not need thy Pow'r. [*Aside.*
Pyr. What do I see?
My Friend in Consultation with my Rival?
Sol. Words cannot utter
How much your Generosity affects me;
You have this Minute liv'd an Age of Friendship;
And I will study to deserve your Kindness.
Farewel—— and be, if possible, as happy,
As you would make the grateful *Solyman.* [*Exit.*
Kisl. That's very possible.—— Ha! here, my Lord?
You come in time——
Pyr. To witness to your Falshood.
Could I have thought I ever should have cause
T' upbraid your Breach of Faith?
Kisl. Nor have you now.
Pyr. Why do you shift the Accusation from you?
Are you not false?
Kisl. I am, but not to you.
No, Sir——I could not give a better Proof
Of my unviolated Fidelity,
Than by this seeming Falshood—— to you seeming.

But

But real to the Prince. For by the help
Of this pretended Kindneſs I've recover'd
Your Letter, and diſarm'd him of the Pow'r
To do you Miſchief. ——— [*Gives him the Letter.*

Pyr. I apprehend, and muſt with Shame applaud
Thy Wit, and bleſs thy unexampled Friendſhip.

Kiſſ. But what's yet more; I have by this remov'd
All that could make your Rival formidable.
Now I have laid his Jealouſie aſleep,
Which otherwiſe might have prov'd fatal to us.
And now perſuaded of my Zeal to ſerve him,
What e'er I do for you, he will applaud
As done for him, and I ſhall have his Thanks
For carrying on your Int'reſt; nay yet more,
He will be wholly guided by my Counſel,
And move as I direct him: Nay perhaps
His and *Marama*'s Cunning may be uſeful
To further our Deſign, and you promote
Your Int'reſt by th' Aſſiſtance of your Rival.

Pyr. That ever I ſhould once ſuſpect ſuch Truth,
Such wond'rous Friendſhip! But thy Plot was wrought
Too fine for my dull Sight; ——Canſt thou forgive me?

Kiſſ. My Lord, I cannot blame you;
If, when you heard and ſaw what paſs'd between us,
Your good Opinion of my Truth was ſtagger'd,
E'er you knew all. ——But come, no more of this.
Droop not, brave Sir; Fortune is yet your own,
And all theſe Difficulties will e'er long
Shed kinder Influence, inhance your Joys,
And only ſerve t'improve your Happineſs.

Pyr. O! Bleſſings on thee, whoſe reviving Words
Have rais'd me from the Depth of black Deſpair;
And once more giv'n me the delightful Proſpect
Of my approaching Bliſs. ——— And now methinks
The Clouds of our Misfortunes break away;
And ſpight of all the Dangers which have threaten'd,
My Genius whiſpers I ſhall yet be happy.
And ſtill the more I think, my Hopes riſe higher;
The lovely Creature's mine, I have her here;
For ever mine ——— O Bleſſing inexpreſſible!
The bare Reverſion of which is better
Than the Poſſeſſion of all other Pleaſures. ———

Enter

Enter Mahomet *attended.*

Mah. Where is that ſaucy Slave, that dares controul
My Pleaſures, and infringe my beſt Prerogative?
Ha! Villain, have I found thee? Tell me quickly
How didſt thou dare to keep the charming *Abra*,
That Miracle of Beauty, from my Sight?

Kiſſ. Diſcover'd? This unlook'd for Accident
Has ſo amaz'd me, that I'm Thunder-ſtruck
And know not what to anſwer.——— [*Aſide.*

Mah. What, ſpeechleſs?

Kiſſ. I muſt confeſs, your Majeſty has much
Surpriz'd me by this unexpected Queſtion.
She whom you ſpeak of is this Day arriv'd;
And therefore not yet fit t' appear before you,
And ſhew her Beauty at the beſt Advantage.
Nor did I ever yet receive Commands
To bring your charming Slaves to your Embraces
Juſt at their firſt Arrival.

Mah. But I hear
This is a Beauty of ſuch uncommon Excellence,
That none who ever ſhone within my Court
Could match her dazzling Brightneſs; and if ſo
Thou ſhouldſt have brought me the tranſporting News
Of her Arrival with as great Impatience
As if th' inferior Monarchs of the World
Were all unanimouſly come, to lay
Their Scepters at my Footſtool, and reſign
The yet unconquer'd Globe.———

Pyr. O give me Patience. [*Aſide.*

Kiſſ. Moſt mighty Emperor———

Mah. Peace, formal Slave;
I have not time to hear thy dull Excuſes;
Be dumb, and liſten to my ſtrict Command.
I charge thee bring that lovely, charming Maid
Into the pleaſant Grotto near the Palace;
Let her attend me there.——Look thou obey me,
Or by my Hopes and boiling Expectation
Thy Life ſhall anſwer it.

Pyr. Dread Sir, I hear
The Fury of the murm'ring Populace
Is ris'n ſo high, that they begin to threaten
Your Sacred Life, and the Seditious Soldiers
Talk of revolting.

Mah. Moſt audacious Traitors!——
Be it your Care to quell their Mutiny;
They ſhall not rob me of a Moment's Pleaſure.
No —— firſt I'll go where Love and Beauty call me;
Then put on Majeſty, and be all Monarch;
Awe the preſumptuous Rebels with my Frowns,
And look them into Duty —— As they ſay
That celebrated King, the mighty *Jove*,
Fatigu'd with Empire left his Throne above;
And for a while enjoy'd the Sweets of Love.
Then Tow'ring high to his ſublime Abode,
Shook Earth and Seas with his Imperial Nod,
Return'd to Thund'ring, and reſum'd the God. [*Exit.*

Pyr. Sure 'twas a Dream, and my deluding Fancy
Has ſcar'd me with a Viſion ——— Say, my Friend,
Am I awake? and was the Sultan here?

Kiſl. Alas! he was. ——

Pyr. Then all, it ſeems, was real,
And I'm the very Wretch that Fate deſign'd.
No —— 'Tis impoſſible —— It cannot be ——
Why but a Moment ſince I was moſt happy,
Secure of future Ills. —— O! no — I was not —
Then, then I dream'd, and fed on Airy Hopes,
Which my own flatt'ring Wiſhes form'd —— But now
Fortune has rous'd me from that pleaſing Sleep,
To make me feel, and throughly underſtand
Subſtantial Mis'ry —— But I'll not complain;
Women and Cowards rail at their Misfortunes ——
I will curb in my Grief, and in my Breaſt
Confine the ſtruggling Paſſion, 'till my Veins
Are burſt, and from my Eyes the guſhing Blood
Start out inſtead of Tears.

Kiſl. Capricious Chance!
How ſwift a Turn was this! —— Juſt as your Hopes
Were elevated to the higheſt pitch,
And bore you to the Clouds; they ſtrait retreated,
And left you to Deſpair.

Pyr. Ay, there's the Torment.
So I have heard with equal ſuddenneſs
Ebbing prodigiouſly the Sea withdrew,
And quite defenceleſs left the ſcaly Race.

The Dolphins which e'er while with wanton Pride
Spread their broad Fins, and lash'd the foaming Tide;
Vainly assay'd to suck the faithless Flood
With heaving Gills, and tumbled in the Mud.
And Whales which with their Trunks the Stars could reach,
Now flounc'd and panted on the slimy Beach.
So have my Hopes, whose Waves e'er while ran o'er,
And to the Skies my tow'ring Wishes bore,
Retir'd, and left me gasping on the Shore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A pleasant Grotto.*

Enter Solyman.

Sol. WHither will Love and furious Jealousie
Hurry my Resolution? Certain Death
I know attends me, should the trembling Leaves,
Or the least Murmur of my Breath betray me;
Yet here I'll hide my self, and here unseen
Observe, and listen to the Sultan's Courtship;
And see how he can move that cruel Beauty.
Vain Hopes! —— His Pow'r will force what she denies.
And yet, my Friend, the *Kisler's* Project chears me,
Who promises to bring her to the Sultan
With six more Virgins, who for Youth and Beauty
May challenge all but her; them he adorns
With all th' Embellishments that Art can give,
That *Mahomet* by such Variety
Of Objects may be puzzled in his Choice;
And all to help my Love —— Hark! They approach. [*Retires.*

Enter the Kisler Aga *with* Abra.

Kisl. Compose your self, dear Madam, dry your Eyes,
And smooth your Looks; your Grief must be conceal'd.
Should you appear in Tears before the Sultan,
You would inspire him with a jealous Rage,
Which may perhaps prove fatal to us all.

Abr. I'll do my best Endeavour, tho' I fear
My Sorrows are too great to be dissembled.

Enter Eunuchs with Six Women of the Seraglio: *The* Kisler *places them with* Abra. *Then enter* Mahomet, *and seats himself.*

A Symphony of soft Musick, after which this Song.

HAppy Monarch, who with Beauty
Tiresome Cares of State beguiles;
Whose Fair Subjects pay their Duty
In consenting Looks and Smiles.
Who from the noisie Battle comes,
From the shrill Trumpets Clangor, and the thund'ring Drums;
With Loves soft Accents to compose
His Passion, ruffled by his Foes.
And happy she, whose Eyes can dart,
A killing Shaft to reach his Heart:
For sure more Glory can no Female have,
Than she whose Charms this Conqu'ror can enslave;
Who the World's Lord her sighing Captive views,
And in their mighty Monarch all Mankind subdues.

[*After the Song, the Sultan rises, and singles out* Abra: *Eunuchs go off with the rest of the Women: The* Kisler *retires to a Corner of the Stage.*

Mah. How comes it, Fair One, that your down-cast Looks
Speak you uneasie and dissatisfy'd
With that high Honour, which your Beauty claims,
And which my Love confers? Believe me, Maid,
Not one of those, whom for your sake I slighted,
Would with Indifference have receiv'd my Passion.
Excess of Joy would make their Charms more florid,
And Pride would redden in their flushing Faces,
Glow in their Cheeks, and sparkle in their Eyes.
But Discontent sits low'ring on your Brow,
And by the Coldness of your Air you seem
To disapprove my Choice.
Abr. Your Pardon, Sir,
If conscious of my own Unworthiness,
And dead to all Ambition, I appear
The less transported with your Royal Favours.
My want of Merit mortifies my Pride;
Nor can I with full Satisfaction wear

Those

Thoſe Honours which I never can deſerve.
Mah. Or rather conſcious of your matchleſs Worth,
You rate your Beauty at ſo high a Value,
That nothing Human, in your tow'ring Thoughts,
Is worthy to poſſeſs it.
Abr. Sacred Sir——
Mah. Or elſe in Pity to your Captive Monarch
You ſtrive to cloud your Brightneſs, and reſtrain
The Lightning of your Eyes, leſt on the ſpot
Its Force ſhould flaſh me dead——But 'tis in vain——
You cannot check the killing Darts of Love;
Spight of your ſelf you pleaſe, and in one Moment
The Glory of your Conqueſt is compleated.
Abr. Confound me not with Shame, nor call up all
The Blood that warms my trembling Heart, to fill
My Cheeks with Bluſhes.
Mah. Why it matters not;
Whether you Bluſh, or Weep, or Smile, or Frown,
You always Charm; nor can you Coin your Face
To an unpleaſing Shape——Therefore no more
Of little Doubts and Fears; this very Hour
You ſhall be happy in your Sov'raign's Arms.
Abr. O never, Sir.
Mah. Ha! never? Who am I?
Abr. What have I ſaid? Forgive me, Royal Sir;
My Tongue bely'd my Thoughts——But I recall
Thoſe Words; I am your Slave, and muſt obey.
Mah. My Slave? and muſt obey? No, think not, Fair One,
That I reſolve to Raviſh, like a Tyrant,
What your coy Virgin Modeſty denies.
I will forget the Monarch, and lay by
My Royalty; then court you like a Slave;
Sigh at your Feet, and woo you to Compliance.
Abr. Forbid it Fate, that Sov'reign Majeſty
Should ſo far be degraded, as to ſtoop
Beneath the loweſt and moſt abject Wretch
That ever bore Misfortune.
Mah. Ha! no more,
No more o' that, my Love; why I am Fortune,
And whoſoe'er I ſmile on muſt be happy.
Therefore enlarge thy Wiſhes, and demand
Whatever Happineſs thy Thoughts can form:

And by our Prophet's Soul I ſwear to grant it.
Abr. Then thus, Sir, proſtrate at your Royal Feet [*Kneels.*
I humbly crave no other Boon than this;
Reſtore me to my ſelf, and (ſo may all
Your Joys be crown'd) diſmiſs me from your Court.
Mah. Not for the Empire of ten thouſand Worlds.——
My Oath, however ſolemn, binds me not
T'Impoſſibilities.—— What? Live without thee?
As well thou may'ſt deſire me to forego
My Soul, my ſelf, and live without my Life.
But tell me, ſtubborn Fair, what have you ſeen
For which you thus decline your Happineſs,
And keep me at this Diſtance? Speak, what is it
That makes you thus averſe to Love and Glory?
Abr. O queſtion me no more—— I dare not ſpeak.
Mah. What do you fear? My Preſence cannot awe you;
To you I am no Monarch.
Abr. I'm a Virgin.
Mah. Well.
Abr. And prize my Honour dearer than my Life.
Mah. Make you no Diff'rence then between the Actions
Of Kings and common Men? By my Embraces
Your Virtue is not ſully'd, but ennobled
Above its native Worth; as my Effigies
Stamp'd on my Coin adds Value to the Metal.
Abr. O do not, Sir, delude me with falſe arguing;
The greateſt Monarch's Actions cannot make
Virtue of Vice; as by your Royal Image
Silver's not chang'd to Gold, nor Braſs to Silver.
Therefore I beg you, Sir—— [*Kneels.*
Mah. Riſe, Empreſs, riſe——
For from this Moment be that Title thine;
Such Beauty join'd with ſuch tranſcendent Virtue
Deſerves no leſs.—— Here, take her to thy Care. [*To the* Kiſſer.
Droop not, fair Excellence; your Chaſtity
Shall not be violated.—— Holy Rites
Shall make us one, and juſtifie our Pleaſures.
Let ſome of the attending Eunuchs wait [*To the* Kiſſer.
On her to her Apartment, but return
Thy ſelf, and inſtantly attend me here. [*Exit* Kiſſ. *with* Abr.
Prodigious Change! That a licentious Monarch
Who many Years with boundleſs Luxury

Has rioted on Beauty, ſhould at laſt
Become as very a ſighing, whining Lover,
As e'er Romance or Poetry could form!

Re-enter the Kiſler-Aga.

Prepare my Royal Preſents, and attend
The beauteous *Abra* with Imperial Robes;
And let her have for her peculiar Reſidence
One of the Sultaneſs's rich Apartments.

Kiſl. Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd.

Mah. To Morrow
I'll viſit her, and reinforce my Suit.
'Till now I knew not what it was to love;
My looſe Deſires deſerv'd a fouler Name.
But this fair Charmer has refin'd my Paſſions,
And with her Virtue taught me to admire
The Beauties of the Mind: Therefore for her
I will endure the tedious Toil of Courtſhip.
Let me be happy in this am'rous Siege;
And I'll forgive the Fates the Loſs of *Buda*.
And ſure I ſhall ſucceed: She's more than mortal,
If ſhe reſiſt me; when the Charms of Empire
Shall join their Forces, her great Soul to move,
With all the ſoft Artillery of Love. [*Exit.*

Kiſl. So! now 'tis finiſh'd—— Cruel Deſtiny,
Thou haſt done thy worſt, and I defie thee now.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. O Friend———

Kiſl. My Lord?

Pyr. Why doſt thou ſpeak ſo coldly?
Canſt thou not call me Friend?

Kiſl. I cannot.

Pyr. Why?

Kiſl. Becauſe it is not juſt you ſhould be mine
Unleſs I could be yours.

Pyr. Why art thou not?

Kiſl. I would be.

Pyr. Then thou art.

Kiſl. But cruel Fortune———

Pyr. Why Friendſhip is above the reach of Fortune,
Not to be rated from the blind Events
Of giddy Chance.—— But thou haſt ſpoken this
Only to wave the Horror of my Fate,

And

And mollifie my Sentence——— But no more,
Pronounce my Doom, for I can bear it now.———
And yet thou needſt not; thy deſpairing Looks
Have told me all the Tragick Tale already.
Kiſl. My Lord, I would adviſe you to be calm,
Summon the Force of Reaſon to your Aid;
And think no more of this unhappy Beauty.
Pyr. Alas! Thou know'ſt not what thou wouldſt adviſe;
My Love is grown eſſential to my Soul,
And can no more be ſhaken off than that.
'Tis no wild, ſudden Start of youthful Blood;
But utterly diſclaims the Name of *Paſſion*:
And is the great and regular Deſire
Of Happineſs implanted in us all;
That Spring which turns the univerſal Wheel
Of Human Actions——Therefore talk no more,
Of that—— But, as thou ſayſt, I will be calm;
And not diſparage with undecent Sorrow
My great Misfortunes——But proceed, my Friend,
And tell the Circumſtances of my Fate.
Kiſl. I have not leiſure now, I muſt be gone
With ſpeed to execute the Sultan's Orders;
But as we go I will inform you all.
Pyr. Yet e'er thou ſtir, I will prevail with thee
To grant me one Requeſt.
Kiſl. What's that, my Lord?
Pyr. To let me ſee her, e'er I leave the World.
Kiſl. Ah! Sir, why would you urge your Fate, and mine?
Pyr. Not for the World, no not for the Enjoyment
Of her I love, would I the leaſt endanger
The Safety of my Friend.———
Of thee I only beg to be directed
To her Apartment; I alone will dare
The Anger of the Sultan.
Kiſl. I have thought on't,
And you ſhall go.
Pyr. Now Bleſſings on thy Head.
Kiſl. But you muſt condeſcend to be diſguis'd,
Put on a *Negro*'s gloomy Face, and take
An Eunuch's Dreſs.
Pyr. O any thing, my Friend——
I've heard the Pow'rs themſelves of old for Love

Far

Far leſs than mine have left their Starry Thrones,
And hid their dazzling Forms in Brutal Shapes;
Leſs charming were the Beauties which they ſought,
And more their Condeſcenſion.
Kiſl. Mahomet
Will not renew his Viſit 'till to morrow;
Wherefore to Day you may with little Hazard
In that Diſguiſe be brought to her Apartment.
Pyr. For me there is no Danger of Diſcov'ry;
Since nought remains but Death, and ſure Deſpair.
Kiſl. No; I have yet ſome faint Remains of Hope;
Perhaps I may inflame with Jealouſie
The Sultaneſs's proud, imperious Spirit
To ſuch a Height, that her unbounded Rage
Ev'n now may furniſh her with Means to part them. [*Exeunt.*

Solyman *from his Covert.*

'Tis well —— My Love is in a hopeful way ——
The Sultan burns, and languiſhes like me;
And tho' he wants her Love, he has her Perſon,
And may complete his Wiſhes when he pleaſes.
The Viſier, tho' he wants her Perſon, yet
Enjoys her Love; only th' abandon'd *Solyman*,
Curſt with ill Stars, born in a luckleſs Minute,
Has nothing of the Lover, but the Torment.
And yet, to make me more contemptible,
I am become the Sport of a curſt Slave;
Abus'd and cheated by that helliſh Eunuch.
Confuſion! I want Patience to endure
A Thought of this —— Muſt I be made their Engine?
Their under Tool, to truckle to my Rival?
O! I ſhall burſt with Fury, if my Friends,
Whom I appointed to attend me here,
Come not to my Relief —— I muſt go ſeek them
To vent my Rage, and eaſe my burden'd Soul.

Enter Haly *and* Cuproli.

O you are come in time to my Aſſiſtance,
To help me ——
Cupr. What?
Sol. Curſe.
Hal. Curſe whom?
Sol. The Sultan, Viſier, *Kiſler*, all the World.
Cupr. The Provocation?

Sol. I want Breath to tell you;
Unleſs you'll help me to diſcharge my Fury,
By thund'ring Death and Vengeance on their Heads.
Hal. Then you have loſt your Miſtreſs.
Sol. Paſt Recov'ry.
Cupr. What, is ſhe dead?——
Sol. She is to me.
Cupr. The Sultan has enjoy'd her.
Sol. No; but he is reſolv'd.
Cupr. And you ſtand here,
And bravely bid us curſe him——Is't not ſo?
Sol. Ha!
Cupr. My Lord, I wear a Sword to do you Service;
But for that Womaniſh Valour, Noiſe and Railing——
Your Pardon, Sir——'Tis not a Soldier's Talent.
Hal. Is it a Time to curſe in this nice Juncture,
When niggard Fate allows you not a Day
To manage an Affair of ſuch Importance?
You muſt, before to Morrow's Dawn, depoſe
Your Brother, or for ever loſe your Miſtreſs.
Sol. What I have heard and ſeen has wrought more with me
Than all that you can urge——Yes, I've reſolv'd
T'aſcend the Throne; and you can witneſs for me,
That I've been tender of my Brother's Fate;
And drove it to the laſt Extremity,
Before I would conſent to act this Violence.
But now his Doom is fix'd; propoſe the Means.
Cupr. The Viſier's Ruin ſmooths the way to his.
You muſt begin with him.
Hal. At your Deſire
The threat'ning Army will ſurround the Palace,
And with one gen'ral Voice demand his Head.
Sol. No——I've more artfully contriv'd his Death——
He is the Army's Idol; and beſides
Such violent Proceedings may be dang'rous;
But I will order Matters with ſuch Conduct,
That *Mahomet* ſhall of his own accord
Pronounce his Fav'rite's Doom, and by his Ruin
Be inſtrumental to his own Deſtruction.
Cupr. That were indeed a Maſterly Contrivance.
Sol. The Viſier, aided by that other Fiend,
The *Kiſler Aga*, has with him agreed.

To viſit his lov'd *Abra* in Diſguiſe:
And apprehends no Danger of Diſcov'ry,
Becauſe the Sultan, 'till to morrow Morning,
Reſolves t' abſent himſelf from her Apartment.
Now I will plant my Spies t' obſerve their Motions,
And give me notice when they are ſecure:
And then you know there are a thouſand ways
To give the Sultan ſecret Intimation
Of this Deſign: He, fir'd with jealous Rage,
Will fly to her Apartment, and ſurprize them
Perhaps in their Embraces —— Then what follows
Your ſelves may gueſs.

Cupr. This cannot fail; let's inſtantly about it.

Sol. Yes, I'll diſpatch —— And e'er the Sun has finiſh'd
One Revolution more, he ſhall behold
A greater in this Empire —— Beauteous *Abra!*
Sure never were there Charms like thine, on which
The Fate of this great Monarchy depends.
Let dull Aſtrologers foretel the Doom
Of Kingdoms from the Stars, and with their Schemes
And Calculations cheat the giddy Crowd:
More ruling is the Aſpect of thy Beauty,
Than that of thoſe bright Orbs —— To States and Empires
More fatal Influence flaſhes from thy Eyes,
Than all thoſe glitt'ring Balls that light the Skies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to a magnificent Apartment.*

Abra *and* Zaida. *Imperial Robes lying on the Table.*

Abr. Sure, my dear *Zaida*, ſuch ill Planets rul'd
My Birth, that 'tis above the Pow'r of Fortune
To make me happy. ——
Why was I ſingled out from all my Sex
To be this gaudy Wretch? to be advanc'd
To this great Empire? when ſo many Millions
Would be tranſported with thoſe envy'd Honours
Which ſhe has heedleſly miſplac'd on me.
For all this Grandeur ſerves but to refine
My Woes, and dignifie my great Misfortunes:

These sparkling Gems, and Chains of Orient Pearl,
This glitt'ring Gold, and these gay costly Robes
Serve only to enrich and gild my Mis'ries;
And make me wretched with more Pomp and Splendor.

Zaid. Be comforted, dear Madam: Time perhaps
Will reconcile you to Imperial Greatness,
And make these heavy Robes of State sit easie.

Enter the Kisler Aga, *and* Pyrrhus *in Disguise.*

But see the *Kisler* comes, your kind Assister;
Perhaps he brings you Comfort from your Lord ——
Ah! no —— He comes attended with a Slave;
I fear some fatal Message from the Sultan.

[*The* Kisler *comes forward.*

Abr. Ah! Sir, what Tidings now? Tell me, what Hope?
How is my Lord?

Pyr. Embracing her.] Beyond Expression bless'd,
While thus he clasps the most elab'rate Pattern
Of Human Excellence —— Thou all Perfection ——
My Life —— My Soul ——

Abr. O! —— [*Swoons.*

Zaid. She faints. ——

Pyr. Stand off; my Love will prove the best Physician:
The warmth of glowing Kisses shall infuse
Fresh Spirits, and renew the sprightly Motion
Of her unactive Pulses —— Speak, my Love,
'Tis I, thy *Pyrrhus* —— Sure my Voice will raise thee:
Wake from thy Trance, lift up thy heavy Lids,
And bless me with the Lustre of thy Eyes.

Abr. 'Tis he himself, my Dear, my only Lord ——
And now the Conflict of tumultuous Passions,
Which quite o'erpower'd my Soul, and bore me from my self,
Is sunk into a Calm —— Doubt, Hope, and Fear
Are vanish'd, and have wholly left my Breast
To fierce transporting Joy —— Too well I know
The Lines of that ador'd Majestick Face
To be deceiv'd; nor can the Pow'r of Art
Disguise thee from my Love. ——

Pyr. Thou kindest, faithfullest of all thy Sex;
I almost fear'd that this vile servile Dress,
And th' artificial *Negro* in my Face,
Would hide me ev'n from thee; and make thee loath me,
Fly my Embraces, and disown my Arms.

And

And 'tis indeed prepoſt'rous, while I join
This grim Complexion with that charming Face;
Throw my black Arms about thy ſnowy Neck,
And fully thus its Whiteneſs——O my Love,
Suits this baſe Habit with thoſe Royal Robes;
Or a great Empreſs with an abject Slave?
Abr. Yet are our Souls well pair'd, and fit each other;
No matter for the Outſide; and believe me
Thou charm'ſt me more, my Love, in this Diſguiſe,
Than once thou did'ſt when deck'd in ſhining Armour,
And all the dreadful Gaiety of War,
Thou cam'ſt to pour thy Thunder on my Foes;
And reſcue me from thoſe curs'd Raviſhers.
Tho' then, when I beheld thy wondrous Port,
Gen'rous Compaſſion mix'd with awful Majeſty;
I in a Moment gaz'd my Soul away,
And languiſh'd, ſigh'd, and dy'd upon the Object.
Pyr. What was my Tranſport then? when firſt I ſaw thee
Trembling, and in Confuſion, pale and redd'ning
By turns, when all thy Charms were in a hurry;
And the retreating, and returning Blood
Surpriz'd me with Viciſſitude of Beauty.
How did my Heart——But 'tis unutterable;
No Words of Rapture can expreſs my Paſſion,
Nor how I ſince have lov'd. And yet 'tis pleaſant
To think and recollect our paſt Delights.
I may look backward then, forward I dare not;——
For tis a gloomy Proſpect; and my Soul
Starts at the Horror——
Abr. O—h.
Pyr. Why do you ſigh?
Abr. Can you ask?
Pyr. 'Tis true indeed our Woes have made that Queſtion
Impertinent——well——you may weep your Fill——
I'll not deny you your ſad Share of Grief;
It is your due, and 'twould be great Injuſtice
To bar you of your Right.——But ſpeak, my Love,
Didſt thou not ſay I reſcu'd thee?
Abr. You did.
Pyr. I reſcu'd thee indeed——But oh!——for whom?
I have but won thee from leſs pow'rful Foes
To yield thee to a greater; and from him

How

How ſhall I reſcue thee? ——

Abr. Some kind Pow'r inſtruct you.

Pyr. No, they have ſtill been deaf to all my Pray'rs;
Croſs'd my Deſigns, and frown'd upon my Love.
I am as weak, and helpleſs as thy ſelf;
And all that I can do is now to join
My Tears with thine, to ſob upon thy Breaſt;
And vent my Sorrows in unmanly Wailing.

Abr. Since then 'tis doom'd that we muſt part for ever——

Pyr. Ha! Part for ever! Let me think on that!——
Eternal Separation —— Racking Thought!
'Tis not to be endur'd —— Can I bear this?
To loſe thee now, when I've ſo long purſu'd thee
Through the dark Mazes of uncertain Chance?
When by long Cuſtom, and an Age of Love
Thou'rt rooted and ingrafted in my Heart?
Or can I think with Patience that another
Rifles thy Charms, and dies —— No, I'll not bear it,
But fly this very Moment to thy Reſcue;
Tear off this ſlaviſh, this diſgraceful Habit,
And put on Armour; lead my conqu'ring Troops
Againſt my Maſter; and by force of Arms
Compel the lawleſs Tyrant to reſign thee.

Kiſſ. My Lord, you rave; your fierce, unbridled Paſſion
Tranſports you into Frenzy; elſe you would not
Talk with ſuch Heat of Things impoſſible.

Pyr. Ah! cruel Friend, why wouldſt thou ſtop my Madneſs
With ill-tim'd Reaſon? While my Rage was hot
I was inſenſible of my Misfortunes;
But now I'm cool my feſtring Sorrows ſmart,
And I'm relaps'd into a Coward —— Oh
Bear me, my Love, ſupport me on thy Boſom;
Or I ſhall ſink beneath my pond'rous Woes,
And at thy Feet expire.——

Abr. Alas! my Lord, if your great martial Spirit
Be quite unmann'd, and melted into Softneſs;
How ſhall a poor weak Woman's tender Soul
Bear up beneath the preſſing weight of Sorrow?
Your Torments all are trebled in my Breaſt;
And I have far more need of you to prop
My ſinking Body —— Oh! —— My boding Heart
Tells me, my Lord, theſe are our laſt Embraces,

And

And we ſhall never, never meet again.
Pyr. Then —— to prevent it —— We will never part ——
This is my fix'd and final Reſolution.
Abr. What means my Love?
Pyr. Mean? —— Canſt thou ask the Queſtion? ——
Thou wouldſt not have me leave thee. ——
Abr. Not leave me?
Pyr. No.
Abr. You ſhall, you muſt.
Pyr. Is't poſſible?
Do I hear this from thee?
Abr. Alas! —— He raves ——
Call home your Thoughts, my Lord; think where you are:
You die, if you're diſcover'd.
Pyr. Death is certain,
Whether I ſtay or no —— For canſt thou think
I will ſurvive that Hour (Oh! Hold my Brain! —)
Which yields thy Beauties to the Sultan's Bed?
Oh! never —— Death then either way is certain ——
But by the deſp'rate Choice which now I make,
The few remaining Minutes of my Life
Shall all be ſpent in gazing on thy Charms,
In Kiſſes and Embraces. —— 'Till to Morrow
The Sultan will be abſent; this (tho' ſhort)
Is better than an Age of vulgar Life.
Thus ſhall I manage to the beſt Advantage
Each precious Moment —— Ev'n in Death's laſt Pangs
My cloſing Eyes ſhall view thee; and my Ears
Drink in the Muſick of thy charming Accents:
Thy dear, lov'd Name ſhall cool upon my Lips
The laſt; or die unfiniſh'd on my Tongue.
Abr. Nay, then indeed I am completely wretched;
Since I am forc'd to beg in vain for that
Which, if obtain'd, is worſe than Death —— O fly,
Fly, my dear Lord —— Since your own Life is valu'd
At nothing by you, let my Danger wake you;
Think how you can endure to ſee me die.
Pyr. I know the Sultan's Love will ſave thy Life;
He'd ſooner ſtab himſelf than thee —— Too well
I know thy Pow'r to apprehend that Danger.
Abr. What ſhall I do to ſave him? —— Yet in pity
To me, conſider what I muſt endure,

To ſee thee in thy laſt convulſive Agonies;
Strangled by impious Hands before my Face,
Gaſping for Life, and ſobbing out thy Soul ——
Oh! Horror! —— Diſmal Image! —— Speak you, Sir ——
[*To the* Kiſſer.
Perſuade him from this Frenzy —— Sure you will,
Unleſs, like him, you too have loſt your Senſes;
Quite doz'd and ſtupify'd with our Misfortunes.
Kiſſ. My Lord, you muſt comply; and let our Pray'rs
Divert you from this deſp'rate Reſolution.
For tho' that Fair One may be ſafe, your ſelf
And Friend muſt both inevitably periſh. [d'ring,
Pyr. My Friend?—Oh! whither have my Thoughts been wan-
That I ſhould be regardleſs of thy Safety?
That Thought indeed has broke my firm Reſolves ——
And now I go —— It cannot, will not be ——
My Soul is quite unable to command
My Body, or my Body to obey ——
Go? Leave ſuch Excellence? —— No; rather baniſh
All Reaſon, common Senſe, and be a Villain;
Be any thing, do, ſuffer any thing,
Rather than part —— Again at this Diſtraction? ——
What? Be a Villain? —— Inſupportable ——
O pardon me, my Friend —— And leſt I ſhould
Relapſe again, ſound Villain in my Ears. ——
Yes —— I am conquer'd now —— I'd ſooner ſuffer
Death, Fire, Racks, Wheels, Impalements, ev'n the Pangs
Of loſing her; nay, after that, of Life,
Than wrong my Friend —— And leſt impetuous Paſſion
Again ſhould blind my Reaſon, I will go
This Minute —— Yet — once more — one laſt Embrace ——
And then —— farewel —— for ever ——
[*Juſt as he is going off,*
Enter Mahomet *attended.*
Mah. Ha! ſo familiar! claſp'd in their Embraces!
Juſt as I was inform'd —— But is it poſſible?
Is this my choiceſt Fav'rite? —— Art thou *Pyrrhus?*
Pyr. Sultan, I am.
Mah. Prodigious Inſolence! ——
Preſum'ſt thou then to brave me to my Face,
And thus avow thy black Ingratitude?
Doſt thou not bluſh? —— But thou doſt well to skreen

Thy

Thy Impudence with *Ethiopian* Night;
That black Complexion ſuits thy guilty Mind,
And th' ignominious Habit of a Slave
Becomes thee well —— A Gen'ral's warlike Dreſs
Diſguis'd thee moſt —— This is thy proper Garb,
And well befits thy baſe, degen'rate Soul.
Pyr. I tell thee, Sultan, this unkingly Railing
Reflects more Scandal on thy ſelf, than me.
How canſt thou brand me with that hateful Vice
Which I diſdain to name? Me who have prop'd
Thy ſinking Throne, and crown'd thy Arms with Conqueſt.
Ev'n by this Act for which thou now upbraid'ſt me,
I wrong thee not; for know the beauteous *Abra*
Has long been mine before ſhe ſaw thy Court:
And if thou force her from me, I retort
That nauſeous Word, and tell thee, Thou'rt ungrateful.
Mah. Thine, Villain, thine? That lovely Creature thine?
By what —— But I'll not parly with my Slave;
Away to Death with that audacious Traitor;
Whoſe unexampled Boldneſs ſo amaz'd me,
That I'd almoſt forgot I was a Monarch.
Quick, inſtantly, diſpatch —— I will not hear him.
Abr. O ſpare him, ſave him, ſpare your Hero's Life;
His Love ——
Mah. Dar'ſt thou, Ungrateful, intercede?
Did not thy Charms protect thee, thou ſhou'dſt bleed.
But tho' thy Beauty fires me, yet I hate thee;
And know, 'tis more love of my ſelf than thee,
That ſaves thee from my Fury.
Abr. Barb'rous Tyrant ——
O pardon, Sir, that heedleſs, raſh Expreſſion ——
You are all that's Good, Majeſtick, Great, and Noble;
I will embrace and kiſs your Royal Feet,
Do any thing to ſave his precious Life.
Mah. Fool that thou art by this fond Interceſſion
To wing his Fate —— Why, for thy ſake he dies:
Nor can'ſt thou ſtudy more effectually
To plead againſt him, than by pleading for him.
Abr. Will nothing mollifie that flinty Heart?
Unleſs you inſtantly reverſe his Sentence;
No Promiſes nor Threats, no Racks nor Crowns
Shall urge me to comply with your Deſires.
But if ——

Mah. Speak on, for I can liſten now.

Pyr. I charge thee hold; I bar that fatal Compact——
Think'ſt thou to ſave my Life by this Compliance?
No, no, my Love——The thought of that will end me
Sooner than his Commands; then thou wilt be
My Murd'reſs, and my dying Breath ſhall curſe thee.

Mah. Confuſion!——How he trifles with my Fury!
Away, ye Villains, bear him to his Death;
And let that helliſh Slave, his baſe Accomplice,
[*Points to the* Kiſler.
The Abetter of his Treaſons, ſhare his Fate.
Off, Traitreſs——

Abr. Yes, I'll leave thee, Tyrant, Monſter;
[*Riſing, drops a Letter.*
Shun thy loath'd Sight, and fly from the moſt hated
To the moſt lov'd of Men——O my dear Lord!
Thus will I grow for ever to thy Breaſt,
And die with thee; his Rage ſhall never part us.

Mah. Give me a Dagger——I'll defer no longer
My juſt Revenge——No, Serpents, I'll not part you;
But join you cloſer, nail you to each other——
Ha! ſtay a Moment——This may diſcover more.
[*Juſt going to ſtab 'em, ſpies the Letter.*
'Tis that deteſted Villain's Character——
Curſe on your Kindneſs——Ha! Another Rival!
Another Rival mention'd in this Letter——
Where will my Tortures end? But yet 'twas lucky
I ſtab'd 'em not before I ſpy'd this Paper;
Then had this unknown Traitor 'ſcap'd my Vengeance.

Abr. So he ſhall ſtill for me; I'll ne'er diſcover him.

Mah. Why, doſt thou love him too?——

Abr. No—He's of all Mankind, except thy ſelf,
The utmoſt Object of my Scorn and Hate,
But I will ſhelter him from thy Revenge,
To make him inſtrumental to my own.

Mah. I underſtand thee not, thou talk'ſt in Riddles——
What e'er thou mean'ſt, I ſcorn thy fooliſh Threats.
But I ſhall yet unfold this Myſtery;
Since ſhe perſiſts ſo obſtinate, ſpeak thou; [*To* Pyr.
Thou wilt not ſure protect thy hated Rival.

Pyr. Yes; ſince I can no more be injur'd by him,
I'll ſhield him from thy Fury——My great Soul

Diſdains

Diſdains to ſtoop to ſuch a mean Revenge.
Nor will I ſtain my Honour at my Death,
By ſuch a baſe and cowardly Impeachment.
Mah. So reſolute? ——— Yet we ſhall find a way ——
Let him be rack'd, 'till he reveal this Secret.
Pyr. The Rack? How I deſpiſe thy feeble Menaces!
I thought thou had'ſt known me better, than to think
That Torments can unhinge my Reſolution.
Abr. O Cruelty! ——— I cannot bear that Thought ———
Your other Rival is ——
Pyr. O hold ———
Thou may'ſt perhaps repent this raſh Diſcov'ry ——
Beſides, I know and ſee it in his Eyes,
His Rage is now ſo high, that this Impeachment
From thee, or any other but my ſelf,
Will not prevent the Torments he has threaten'd.
Mah. Thou counſell'ſt well; I take thee at thy Word;
Nothing ſhall do it, but thy own Confeſſion,
Which, ſpight of thee, Racks ſhall at laſt extort.
Abr. He has no ſenſe of Manly Bravery,
But thinks all Souls as little as his own.
Mah. I thank thee —— Thou doſt well to rail away
My fooliſh Qualms of Love which curb'd my Vengeance;
And let my Fury looſe to blaſt you both.
Again at their Embraces —— Oh Diſtraction!
Guards ſeize 'em both, and drag 'em both to Death ——
Come back, ye Slaves, he dies that touches her;
Where is thy Fury now?
Abr. Why think'ſt thou, Tyrant,
To gain my Favour by thy fooliſh Mercy?
My Death had pleas'd me more.
Mah. I know it, Sorc'reſs;
Therefore thou ſhalt not die — No, I've reſolv'd
At once to ſatiate my Revenge, and Love.
Tear 'em aſunder, and then bear her hence.
Abr. Farewel, my Love; when thy great Soul has left
Thy tortur'd Body, ſtay a Moment for me,
Hover a while in this inferior Region;
I ſhall o'ertake thee ſoon —— Then we'll defie
This haughty Tyrant's Rage, and mount together. [*Exit.*
Mah. Guards, execute your Orders on thoſe Slaves ———
Pyr. Without Reluctance I embrace my Doom;

But ſhould indeed deſerve the odious Brand
Of foul Ingratitude, ſhould I conceal
Your Danger; for you're ſtill my Royal Maſter,
Tho' Love has made this fatal Breach between us.
And thus ſubmiſſive I implore your Pardon [*Kneels.*
For all th' indecent Words my Rage has utter'd.
Be careful of your Safety —— I ſuſpect
Some form'd Deſign againſt your Government;
And ſtill (ev'n ſince I've known you for my Rival)
Have labour'd to prevent it. Think not this
A baſe Submiſſion to prolong my Life;
I would not now accept of ſuch a Favour.
Mah. 'Tis falſe — But think not thou ſhalt thus diſarm
My Vengeance — Guards, do as you firſt were order'd;
Let him, as I commanded, bear the Rack;
He well deſerves it, if for nothing elſe,
Yet for his ſaucy Love —— His Crime's the ſame
With his who Rivall'd the great Thunderer:
Therefore it is but juſt his Puniſhment
Should be the ſame which that raſh Fool endur'd.
O were it in my Pow'r to make his Pains
As laſting too; like that, this bold *Ixion*
Should ſuffer in a Circle of freſh Woe;
A Round of ſtill returning Torment feel,
And groan out Ages on the racking Wheel. [*Exit.*
Pyr. See her no more! O harſh Decree of Fate!
And then to think what will become of her,
Left to a Tyrant's Rage —— That's double Torture. ——
Offic. My Lord, we muſt obey the Sultan's Order,
By leading you to Death.
Pyr. Ha! well remember'd!
My Soul was ſo entirely taken up
With Thought of her, that loſt in Contemplation,
I ſwear I had forgot I was to die ——
Nor is it ſtrange —— I've more than dy'd already,
Have born a far more cruel Separation
Than that of Soul and Body —— O my Torment! ——
O haſte, and bear me to the Rack for eaſe.
Offic. Your Mightineſs muſt ſhare a milder Fate.
[*To the* Kiſler.
Pyr. My Friend to die? — Then once more I'm a Coward —
This weight of Woe falls heavier on my Soul,

Than

Than all I yet have ſuffer'd —— O my Friend,
Am I the curſt Occaſion of thy Death?
Have I betray'd thy Innocence to Ruin?
The Tortures of a thouſand Wheels and Engines
Are Downy Beds of Eaſe, and ſoft Repoſe,
To that Soul-racking Thought.
Kiſſ. My Lord, you wrong me,
While you with ſuch Concern reſent my Death.
Your Sorrow calls me Coward —— but unjuſtly ——
I have a Soul that ſcorns the fear of dying.
Pyr. O wond'rous Courage!
But ſtill I'm curſt the more, by being the Ruin
Of ſo much Worth —— I could, without regret,
In my own Perſon die a thouſand Deaths;
But thus to die in thee is inſupportable.
Offic. My Lords, we muſt diſpatch; for all thoſe *Baſſas*,
Whoſe Heads the raging Multitude demanded,
Muſt ſuffer with you.
Pyr. Ha! not bear the Rack?
Offic. No, my Lord.
Pyr. No, 'tis not juſt they ſhould —— I am their Gen'ral,
And by ſuperior Eminence demand
A larger ſhare of Fate —— Nor is it fit
They ſhould aſpire to rival me in Death.
Come on —— I'll ſtrip off this vile, leſs'ning Habit,
And deck my ſelf with all the Pomp of War:
Then, as it is my Duty, head my Soldiers
To this our laſt, but far moſt glorious Conflict.
Methinks I'm more at Eaſe, now Death approaches;
Secure of any future Separation
From her I love ——
We ſoon ſhall meet, never to part again ——
In that my Hopes are center'd; and by that
Imagination wound ſo high, that now
My Soul, intent on Paradiſe and Her,
Ev'n on the Rack its Firmneſs ſhall maintain,
All wrapt in Thought, and negligent of Pain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Solyman *and* Haly.

Sol. CHUSE to be tortur'd, rather than diſcover
His mortal Foe? What Frenzy has poſſeſs'd thee?
Hal. My Lord, I cannot wonder
That ſuch amazing Generoſity
Exceeds Belief; but that you are conceal'd
From *Mahomet* by the Viſier, is as true
As that I have your Promiſe to ſucceed him.
Sol. O matchleſs Inſtance of Heroick Virtue!
But if the Greatneſs of his Soul be tinctur'd
With the leaſt Mixture of Humanity,
I ſhall be yet impeach'd —— He's more than Heroe,
If having felt the Torments of the Rack,
He ſtill perſiſt t' endure thoſe ling'ring Pains
To Death it ſelf; and all to ſave the Life
Of his moſt cruel and invet'rate Foe;
'Tis not to be conceiv'd; he muſt betray me,
And Ruin yet attends me.
Hal. To prevent it,
You muſt with all imaginable Speed
Diſarm your Brother of the Pow'r to hurt you;
And with your beſt Addreſs and Reſolution
Puſh on your great Deſign, and ripen Fate.
This very Moment the *Divan* is ſitting
In ſecret Conſultation, to dethrone
The Sultan; and in leſs than half an Hour
The black depoſing *Fetfa* will be ſign'd.
Enter Cuproli.
But *Cuproli* appears; his Haſte and Looks
Speak it already done.
Cupr. Hail, mighty *Solyman!*
Great Monarch, hail ——— I come with full Commiſſion
To greet thee by that Title ——— Kneel, my Friend.
[*Both kneel.*
Thus we ſalute you Emperor, and thus
Preſent the Homage of the whole *Divan.*

Sol.

Sol. Riſe, worthy Friends; and, with my charming Empreſs,
Still ſhare my Heart —— But ſay, how fares the Viſier?
E'er this he has impeach'd me —— Is't not ſo?
Cupr. O fear not him —— No Human Force can ſhake him
When he has once reſolv'd. ——
Sol. Not all the lying Legends of Antiquity
Can ſhew a Heroe that e'er ſuffer'd more
For his dear Country, or his dearer Friend,
Than he has for his greateſt Enemy.
To him I owe my Life, my Love, and Empire;
To him, whoſe Life and Honour I betray'd.
This unexampled Brav'ry ſo affects me,
That I could weep for his untimely Fall;
And curſe my ſelf, the Author of his Ruin.
But is he dead?
Cupr. 'Tis ſure he cannot live;
But whether he has yet expir'd, I know not.
Sol. If there remain a Poſſibility
Of ſaving him, I'll inſtantly give Orders
To have his Life preſerv'd, and all Means us'd
To heal his Wounds; and wiſh 'twere in my Pow'r
To make ſuch Worth Immortal. —— [*Exit* Solyman.
Cupr. Your Commands
Will come too late; ſpight of your Care he dies:
And by his Fall I riſe to all thoſe Honours
To which my reſtleſs Soul has long aſpir'd.
At length, my Friend, I've reach'd the glorious Goal;
And now methinks the Charms of Greatneſs ſeem
More amiable than ever: The bright Object,
Drawn nearer to me, raviſhes my Sight,
And I'm tranſported with Exceſs of Pleaſure.
Hal. Suſpend your Raptures 'till you've gain'd the Prize.
Cupr. O! I'm ſecure; as fully ſatisfy'd
As if I had receiv'd the great Commiſſion.
Hal. Then you are ſure t' obtain the Grant of it
From *Solyman*.
Cupr. Moſt certain.
Hal. Has he promis'd?
Cupr. No; but you know we two divide his Heart,
He can deny us nothing.
Hal. Perhaps he can.
Cupr. Why?

Hal.

Hal. Becauſe it is not in his Pow'r to give
The ſame Degree of Honour to us both.
Cupr. But he has ſtore of Honours to diſpoſe of.
Hal. But not of equal Value.
Cupr. Ha! What mean'ſt thou?
Hal. Only to let you ſee that 'tis yet poſſible
You may be diſappointed.
Cupr. Why? Your Reaſon?
Hal. Becauſe the new made Sultan, to my Knowledge,
Has giv'n his Royal Promiſe to another.
Cupr. Thou haſt not plaid me falſe?
Hal. No, I'm not falſe to you; I've only been
True to my ſelf—— that's all.
Cupr. Thou haſt not gain'd
The Viſier's Office, ſure.
Hal. I have.
Cupr. Amazement!
Art thou a Friend?
Hal. A true one to my ſelf.
Cupr. Infamous Villain!—— But thou trifleſt with me;
No Man, I'm certain, has a greater ſhare
Of *Solyman*'s Affections than my ſelf.
Hal. I grant it—— Not a greater, but as great:
We two are equal Sharers of his Heart;
And I, by ſpeaking firſt, have gain'd my Point.
Tho' that be but a ſmall Advantage o'er thee,
Yet when both Sides are at an even Poiſe
A Grain will turn the Ballance.
Cupr. Treach'rous Miſcreant!
Falſe, undermining Traitor!—— Haſt thou then
Deceiv'd my honeſt, unſuſpecting Heart?
Why didſt thou not diſcover thy Pretenſions
Before?
Hal. Becauſe I then had loſt my Aim.
Such a Diſcov'ry had diſſolv'd the Tie
Of our Cabal, and made a Breach between us.
But now by ſoothing thee with flatt'ring Hopes,
And ſeeming well contented with that Honour
Which you allotted for me, I improv'd
All your Endeavours to my own Advantage;
And gain'd that Dignity by your Aſſiſtance,
Which you expected to have gain'd by mine.

Cupr.

Cupr. Haſt thou the Front to glory in thy Falſhood?
The worſt of Falſhood, to ſupplant thy Friend
Hal. My Friend?—Why, Fool, ſhould ſuch notorious Villains
As thou and I uſurp that ſacred Title?
Friendſhip is ſtill accompany'd with Virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous Minds:
But 'tis a Stranger to ſuch Breaſts as ours.
True, we can join in Factions and Cabals,
And form Conſpiracies; but ſtill the Bond
Which holds our mercenary Souls together
Is our own Int'reſt.—How couldſt thou expect
Friendſhip in me? when thou long ſince haſt known
That I'm as very a Villain as thy ſelf.
Cupr. Thou need'ſt not by provoking Words enflame
My Fury higher; that's ſuperfluous Folly:
Th' unſufferable Injury thou haſt done me
Calls loudly for Revenge.——I'll pay it home; [*Draws.*
Once more I'll make the Viſier's Office vacant,
And through thy Heart———
Hal. Be not too confident; [*Draws.*
You'll find that *Solyman* has not conferr'd
That Office on a Perſon who wants Power
Or Courage to defend it. [*Fight.*
Cupr. Thou haſt conquer'd——
I have my Death.
Hal. Both conquer'd, and both Conqu'rors.
Thou haſt return'd the fatal Wound I gave thee;
And, loaded with the Weight of all my Crimes,
I ſink with thee never to riſe again.
Cupr. How diſmal does approaching Death appear
To Souls oppreſs'd with Guilt? E'er this I fear
The Viſier's dead———
And no Forgiveneſs can be hop'd from him.
Yet 'twould abate the Hell within my Breaſt,
To have my Pardon ſeal'd by that brave Man,
And that fair Innocence whom we have wrong'd.
But ſee——She comes——Let us, with our laſt Breath,
Confeſs our Villanies, and die before her,
Mourning our Crimes, and gaſping for her Pardon.
Enter Abra *with Guards, and* Zaida.
Abr. Death's buſie ev'ry where——Thro' all the Court
I meet with nought but Hurry and Confuſion——

This way I heard the Noiſe of claſhing Swords;
And now my Fancy is ſo full of Death,
That all its Horrors are familiar to me.
Perhaps my Lord has taken his Advantage
Of this Diſorder; and ſome lucky Accident
Giv'n him an Opportunity t'eſcape
By Force of Arms——Ha! What dire Object's this?——
What are you?——Speak——If you have Breath to tell me.
Cupr. O Empreſs!——O thou injur'd Innocence,
In us behold the Authors of your Woes
Dying, and with their lateſt Breath confeſſing
Their unexampled Villanies.——
Abr. What mean you?——
Hal. By our Contrivance you were firſt diſcover'd
To *Mahomet*; and from that fatal Source
Flow'd all your Mis'ries.——
Cupr. By our Inſtigation
The am'rous *Solyman* depos'd his Brother,
And brought the Gallant Viſier to his End.
Abr. Then he is dead——O execrable Villains!——
Cupr. All that we now Petition is your Pardon——
Slight not our Groans, and penitential Tears.
Abr. If my Forgiveneſs will allay your Pains,
You have it——For my Vengeance reaches not
Beyond the Grave——
Hal. The Joys above—— [*Dies.*
Cupr. For ever crown you. [*Dies.*
Abr. Remove 'em from my ſight*—Theſe faithful Soldiers,
[* *The Guards carry the Bodies off.*
Whom Love and Rev'rence for their murder'd Gen'ral
Have thus inſpir'd to ſerve me for his ſake,
And free me from Confinement, contrary
To *Mahomet*'s Command, who ſtrictly charg'd them
To guard me ſafe on Forfeit of their Lives;
Theſe very faithful Soldiers may perhaps
Be further inſtrumental to the Juſtice
Which I have vow'd——For can I think with Patience,
Can I reflect upon the barb'rous Uſage,
The cruel Torments which have been inflicted
Upon the beſt of Men? Can I reflect
Upon his cracking Joints, and broken Limbs;
And all that ſad Variety of Pains,

Which

Which he diſtended on the curſed Engine,
O'er all his mangled Body groaning felt?——
O! can I think on this, and be content
With Tears, and vain Complainings?—— Thoſe indeed
Serve to relax leſs Miſeries—— But now
Nothing but juſt Revenge can eaſe my Soul.

Enter Solyman *with Janizaries.*

Sol. Forgive me, Madam, that I again preſume
Unſent for, to intrude into your Preſence——
Trembling and doubtful I with Dread approach you;
Fearing your Frowns, yet hoping that the Zeal
Which I have ſhewn to ſerve you will, at leaſt,
Procure my Pardon—— Furious *Mahomet*,
Who threaten'd you with Rape, and horrid Torture,
Is for your ſake thrown from the Regal Seat;
I've reſcu'd you from his Tyrannick Cruelty,
And now am come with humbleſt Adoration,
To lay a kinder Monarch at your Feet.

Abr. Fate has in part prevented my Revenge;
But I muſt further it—— [*Aſide.*
My Lord, I freely own your gen'rous Love
Merits the beſt Return that I can make;
Nor would I prove ungrateful—— True, I own
I lov'd the Viſier with exceſs of Paſſion:
But ſince a cruel Tyrant's lawleſs Doom
Has ſnatch'd him from my Arms, why ſhould I waſte
My youthful Bloom, and pine my ſelf away
In fruitleſs Grief? Why rather ſhould I not
Receive a gen'rous Prince to my Embraces,
Whoſe Kingly Qualities ſo well deſerve
More Charms than I can give?

Sol. O Extaſie of Joy!—— Tranſporting Sounds!

Abr. But yet, my Lord, I cannot diſengage
My ſelf from that dear Man, 'till I have ſeen
His Death reveng'd, and ample Juſtice done
On all his Foes; that Debt I muſt diſcharge,
Before I can transfer my Love on you.

Sol. Why I've already taken ample Vengeance
On *Mahomet*—— Is not the loſs of Empire
Sufficient Puniſhment?

Enter Marama.

Mar. O fly, my Lord,
Or ſtand upon your Guard —— Fierce *Mahomet*,
Inform'd of what has paſs'd in the *Divan*,
By the loud Triumphs of the ſhouting Soldiers;
Who ev'ry where reſound your Name to Heav'n;
With Fury in his Eyes is poſting hither
With a ſtrong Guard to ſeize the beauteous Empreſs.
But when he finds you here, you muſt expect
A ſharp Encounter —— His Deſpair and Rage
Will prompt him to prodigious Acts of Valour.

Sol. I dread him not; the Courage of my Soldiers
Forbids my Fear.

Omn. We'll die for *Solyman*.

Enter Mahomet *with Janizaries*.

Mah. Aſtoniſhment! Am I again prevented?
Can I not from the univerſal Wreck
Of all my Fortunes ſave one precious Jewel?
Was't not enough —— Ha! Villain, is it thou?
Th' unnatural Uſurper of my Throne?
Art thou that hated Rival, whom 'till now
The partial Fates have ſhelter'd from my Vengeance?
But think not yet t'eſcape —— Thou haſt not here
The Rebel Multitude to aid thy Treaſon;
But with theſe few of my yet Loyal Subjects,
I'll on this Spot chaſtiſe thy Inſolence.
Behold me, Traitor, ſee this injur'd Face,
And tremble at my Juſtice.

Sol. Sure thou think'ſt,
Vain, deſp'rate Prince, t'unking me with thy Threats,
And puff me from my Throne with bluſt'ring Words.
But thou wilt find I am too firmly ſeated ——
And you, who dare oppoſe your lawful Sov'reign
By publick Voice Elected, and acknowledg'd
By all the Army, and the whole *Divan*;
Urge not your Fates, by clinging round the Ruins
Of that abandon'd Monarch; but in time
Forſake him, and implore the Royal Mercy,
Or I will uſe you as the worſt of Traitors.

Mah. Reſign that ſingle Beauty to my Arms,
And thou ſhalt undiſturb'd enjoy the Empire.

Sol.

Sol. Reſign her?—No—I ſooner would forego
My Crown——For know, 'twas Love, and not Ambition
That rais'd me to Imperial Dignity;
And had I never rivall'd thee in Love,
I never had in Empire.
Mah. Then no more
Of Parly——Come, fall on my Loyal Soldiers,
And if we conquer you ſhall ſhare the World.
Prepare to Fight; Mahomet's *Janizaries revolt.*
Deſerted? left by all?——No—This is mine,
My faithful Subject ſtill——My Sword is yet
No Traitor, but proves Loyal to the laſt.
[*Kills two of the Janizaries, and continues fighting.*
Sol. I charge you hurt him not——On your Allegiance
Take him alive—So—Guard him ſafe to Priſon——
Away with him———— [Mah. *is diſarm'd and taken.*
Mah. Yes, lead me to my Priſon:
Kind Fate e'er long will give me my Releaſe.
For thee, thou Traitor, did not Rage and Hate
Inſpire me more to curſe, than pity thee;
I could bewail thee, rather than my ſelf.
For oh! thou'rt enter'd on a World of Mis'ry;
And ſoon with me wilt find, by dire Experience,
No Government can e'er be ſafe, that's founded
On Luſt, on Murder, and Deſpotick Pow'r.
'Tis not in lawleſs Strength to turn and manage
This cumb'rous and unwieldy Bulk of Empire:
Which, like the reſtleſs Sea, ſtill works and toſſes
Vex'd with continual Change and Revolution.
How few of my unhappy Succeſſors
Will 'ſcape my Fate!——Ev'n while we keep the Throne,
We fear thoſe Subjects Threats, on whom we frown;
Infringe their Liberty, and loſe our own:
And hourly prove, by Arbitrary Sway,
That he's the greateſt Slave, whom none but Slaves obey.
[*Exit guarded.*
Sol. How am I hurry'd on, and plunge in Guilt!——
Diſtracting Horror!——But I'll think no more on't.——
Away, ye gloomy Thoughts, and leave my Soul
To Bliſs and Raptures inconceivable.
O come, my Love; delay my Joys no longer,

Or I ſhall die with ardent Expectation.
Abr. No —— my vow'd Vengeance is not yet completed;
One of the Viſier's Foes remains unpuniſh'd.
For well I know that thou, injurious Prince,
Haſt been the curſt Contriver of his Death.
And think not that thy boundleſs Pow'r and Greatneſs
Shall diſappoint my Juſtice. —— By one Stroke
From all thy Wrongs my Virtue thus I free,
And kill my ſelf to be reveng'd on thee.
[*Stabs her ſelf*; Sol. *wrenches the Dagger from her.*
Sol. Death and Deſpair! Is this the Conſummation
Of all my Hopes? Theſe my expected Raptures? ——
O 'twas too truly aim'd —— The curſed Steel
Has made its way through the ſoft ſnowy Breaſt,
And the warm Life-blood bubbles from the Wound.
Abr. No —— You've prevented me —— I've only raz'd
The Surface of the Skin —— But 'tis in vain;
Still Death is in my Pow'r, and ſhall yet free me
From Violence and Oppreſſion.
Sol. Now by Honour,
By all that's juſt and good, you wrong my Virtue;
I am no Raviſher, no *Mahomet*;
Not your chaſt Soul can ſtart with more Abhorrence
At ſuch inhuman Crimes —— Some dreadful Curſe,
If poſſible, more dreadful than your Hate,
Light on me, if I ever uſe my Pow'r
To ſeize by Force what you deny to Love.
Abr. And may that Curſe be trebled on this Head,
If ever I comply with the Deſires
Of any ſecond Lord. And think not, Sir,
That I with baſe Ingratitude requite
The noble, gen'rous Promiſe you have made me;
This Vow, which I repeat, has long been on me,
And, if I would, I cannot now be yours.
Enter Pyrrhus *with an Officer.*
Offic. Your Orders, Royal Sir, came not too late,
The Viſier lives; ——
And ſee he comes to thank you.
Pyr. Gratitude
Muſt yield to Love —— My Soul! —— [*Embracing.*
Abr. My deareſt Lord,

Is't

Is't poſſible, and can I think it true
That you're again reſtor'd to my Embraces?
'Tis ſo —— He lives ——
Pyr. O unexpected Bleſſing!
Sol. Villains, Traitors,
How gain'd he Entrance?
Offic. By your own Command. ——
Sol. 'Tis falſe — Thou ly'ſt —— True, I diſpatch'd my Orders
To ſave his Life, but not to bring him hither.
Offic. Forgive the Error of your Slave; I knew not
His Preſence would offend you. ——
Sol. Offend me? Can there be a greater Plague
Than Rival Love —*— Away, ye impious Ruffians,
[* *Guards offer to part 'em.*
Touch 'em not for your Lives; you now obey
A virtuous Lover, not a luſtful Tyrant.
Yet hear, ye fond ones; —— 'Tis not, 'tis not prudent
To tempt me —— Theſe Embraces may be fatal ——
[*They ſeparate.*
Pyr. My Lord, my Emperor ——
Sol. E'er thou proceed,
Say by what Miracle thou haſt recover'd
The Torments of the Rack? For thou appear'ſt
Unhurt, as if no Violence had been offer'd.
Offic. My Lord, none has been offer'd; this great Man
Has ever had the Soldiers Hearts, and that
Has now preſerv'd him: For thoſe Officers
Whom *Mahomet* entruſted with his Fate,
Hearing the joyful Multitude with Shouts
Reſound your Name, and ſeeing all things tend
To this great Revolution, gladly took
The Opportunity; and for his ſake
Deferr'd the Execution of their Orders:
Hoping this ſudden Change of Government
Would prove a Means to ſave him. The Succeſs
Has crown'd their Hopes. Juſt at that happy Juncture
Your welcom Orders came to have him ſav'd.
Abr. Is then his Safety owing to your Goodneſs?
[*To* Solyman.
And did you hold me in Suſpenſe ſo long,
Only to make your Bounty more ſurprizing?

I underſtand it now——O, ſacred Sir,
May Bleſſings ever crown your Princely Head.
I know you ſtill deſign'd we ſhould be happy
In mutual Love—— Alas! your Looks are chang'd
To Terror, and you ſternly menace Death———
Ah! do not, do not fright me, Sir, again;
I tremble at your Frowns——Still you are angry,
And ſome deep Thought is rolling in your Breaſt,
Fatal, I fear, to us.——Yet, O my Lord,
If we muſt die———
Sol. No; you ſhall live, and ſhare
My Favours; be my Friend, and you my Empreſs.
Pyr. To thoſe who love like us, 'tis certain Death
To part; and if you ſeparate, you kill.
O do not, by this after-Act of Cruelty
Reſume your gen'rous Grant; but as you're virtuous,
Complete the Juſtice which you have begun,
And yield her to my Arms.
Sol. Yet, yet beware, and urge me not too far———
'Tis dang'rous tamp'ring with a Prince's Fury;———
Forego her? Quit her? Yield her to my Rival?
What? Have I ſuffer'd ſo much racking Pain,
Involv'd my ſelf in ſo much Guilt and Horror,
And made my ſelf ſo curſt——to make thee happy?
Muſt I have no Reward for all my Toil?
And thou enjoy——
Unheard of Inſolence!——
Abr. Then we are loſt again, and muſt endure
The Torments of a ſecond Separation.
Pyr. Why, 'tis th' ingenious Malice of our Fate
Thus to refine, and vary on our Woes;
To raiſe us from Deſpair, and give us Hopes,
Only to plunge us in the Gulf again,
And make us doubly wretched——Yet while Life
Remains, I cannot totally deſpair.
O Sir, if Paſſion has not quite unman'd you,
With Patience hear a Suit which all juſt Kings
Will grant, and none but Tyrants can deny.
And you, my Friends, if I have any here,
Kneel with me all; that with united Pray'rs
We may o'erpow'r him, and his Reſolution,

Oppreſs'd with Multitudes, be forc'd to yield [*All kneel.*
Sol. Treaſon, Conſpiracy —— Riſe, Traitors, riſe;
He dies that kneels —— 'Tis Treaſon to petition. [*All riſe.*
What? My *Marama* too? —— Art thou confed'rate
Againſt thy Sov'raign? Am I thus abandon'd?
Not one to own my Cauſe? —— Go, call my Friends,
Haly and *Cuproli*, to my Aſſiſtance ——
They will not ſure deſert me. ——
Offic. Royal Sir,
'Till now we fear'd to tell you that your Friends
Are by each other ſlain, in ſingle Combat,
Contending for the Viſier's Office.
Sol. Ha!
Say'ſt thou? What ſlain? And by each others Hands?
More Horror ſtill? —— But let me pauſe a little ——
My Friends were Villains —— And this dreadful Inſtance
Of Juſtice ſtrikes into my lab'ring Soul
Stinging Remorſe; and ſpight of all Endeavours
To drown its Cries, Reaſon will now be heard.
Pyr. See, he relents, his Reſolution ſtaggers ——
Now, now my Love ——
Abr. What is it, Sir, that troubles
Your Royal Breaſt? ——
May nothing diſcompoſe it; and however
You ſhall diſpoſe of my poor Lord, and me,
Let all be eaſie there. ——
Sol. For this laſt Goodneſs,
If poſſible, I love thee more than ever;
How then can I reſign thee?
Abr. If your Love
Be virtuous and ſincere, you will reſign me.
Sol. Impoſſible! Thou talk'ſt of Contradictions ——
Or thus, if to forego thee be a Proof
Of true Affection —— let my Rival ſhew it.
Pyr. I would, by all my Hopes, if you were *Pyrrhus*,
And were I *Solyman*.
Sol. Why, what's the Diff'rence?
Abr. Did I not ſwear? Did I not tell you, Sir,
That if I would, I cannot now be yours?
Sol. Thou didſt —— Oh! Curſt Remembrance! ——
Abr. And have I not your Royal Oath and Promiſe,

That you will never force me to your Bed?
Sol. O name it not——My honeſt Soul abhors
The very mention of ſo damn'd a Villany.
Pyr. And will you then defraud us of each other,
Without the leaſt Advantage to your ſelf,
Only to make us wretched?——
Sol. No——Since ſhe never can be mine, 'twill prove
Some Satisfaction to my tortur'd Soul
To think ſhe's not another's.
Pyr. Thoſe Expreſſions
Perhaps might well befit a Tyrant's Mouth,
But ſure a juſt and virtuous Prince can take
No Pleaſure in th'unmerited Afflictions
Of thoſe who never wrong'd him——
Sol. 'Tis not to be withſtood——The ſtrength of Reaſon
Preſſes upon me with reſiſtleſs Force——
I never can poſſeſs her——but by Violence;
And that my Nature ſhrinks at——Shall I then
Barb'rouſly ruin the moſt perfect Pair
That ever Nature fram'd; to whom I owe
My Life, and one of whom far more than Life I love?
Shall I with Brutal Rage deſtroy ſuch Excellence,
Without the leaſt faint Proſpect of Advantage,
Unleſs it be to brand my Name with Infamy,
And write my ſelf upon Immortal Record
A Villain, and a Tyrant?——No; I'll periſh firſt.
Abr. How Indignation flaſhes from his Eyes!
Unleſs he ſpeedily pronounce our Doom,
Fear will diſpatch me, and prevent his Sentence.
Sol. But how to part with her?—There, there's the Difficulty—
It cannot be——Cannot?——O falſe Deluſion——
O Fallacy of Thought!——True, it exceeds
My Pow'r, to ceaſe to Love——But tho' a Wretch,
Scorch'd in a Feaver, cannot ceaſe to thirſt,
Yet may he throw the baneful Draught away;
Or beg ſome Friend to bind his deſp'rate Arms:
May chuſe the preſent Mis'ry, to avoid
A greater in Reverſion; and endure
The Cravings of unſatisfy'd Deſire.
I can reſign her then——Tho' with ſtrong Tortures,
Reluctant Strugglings, and convulſive Pangs——

Take,

Take, take her—hold—if you regard your Lives,
[*They offer to Embrace.*
Or dread my juſt Revenge, forbear your Fondneſs——
Nor plague me with your Thanks—For if ſhe ſpeaks
[*They offer to kneel.*
I may relapſe again——And Oh! be cautious,
Raſh, inconſid'rate Pair, be ſure t'avoid
My Preſence; never let me ſee you more——
For if you do——You may bewail your Folly;
Be yet divided from each other's Arms,
Be curſt, and rage, and burn in vain, as I do. [*Exit.*

Pyr. He's gone—The great Debate at laſt is ended—
And now we ſafely may indulge our Love:
O my Heart's Joy, who can expreſs my Happineſs,
Or ſtretch Imagination to conceive
The Raptures of my Soul?——

Abr. None, none but I
Who ſhare the mighty Tranſport, can conceive it;
Nor can ev'n I expreſs it.

Pyr. Speak thou, *Zaida*;
Allay this vaſt Exceſs of boundleſs Pleaſure,
And bring us back to common Senſe again.

Zaid. I fear indeed I ſhall allay your Pleaſure——
Your Friend, my Lord——

Pyr. O, were my Friend in Danger,
Ev'n now I could not be entirely happy:
But he is ſafe——My Int'reſt in the Soldiers,
Which ſav'd me from the Rack, preſerv'd his Life.

Zaid. Then you are bleſs'd indeed, and I with Joy
Equal to yours congratulate your Happineſs.

Enter the Kiſler Aga.

Kiſl. Hearing the welcom News of your Succeſs,
I come, my Lord, to ſhare your Satisfaction.

Pyr. The Buſ'neſs of my Life ſhall be to thank thee.
'Tis fit at preſent we conſult our Safety,
Diſpatch with all imaginable ſpeed,
And leave the Court this Night.

Kiſl. 'Tis true, you cannot
Be too ſecure——Tho' now there is no Danger——
For *Solyman* already is involv'd
In State Affairs, on ev'ry ſide ſurrounded

With

With thronging Counſellors and buſie Crouds:
And now the Care of a diſtracted Empire,
Juſt at his firſt Acceſſion to the Throne,
Will take up all his Soul, and cure perhaps
The Torments of his Love.——————

Pyr. I would not have him wretched;——O my Friend,
Behold th'impartial Hand of Juſtice!——*Mahomet*
(Tho' I were moſt ungrateful not to mourn
His Fall) has ſuffer'd, by the Loſs of Empire,
The Puniſhment due to injurious Tyrants.
Haly and *Cuproli* by Death have met
The Villain's juſt Reward——Ev'n *Solyman*,
Tho' good and gen'rous in his Temper, feels
The dire Effects of deviating from Virtue.
We only, who with Innocence unſhaken
Have ſtood th' Aſſaults of Fortune, now are happy.
For tho' the worſt of Men by high Permiſſion
A while may flouriſh, and the beſt endure
The ſharpeſt Trials of exploring Mis'ry;
Yet let Mankind from theſe Examples learn,
That pow'rful Villany at laſt ſhall mourn;
And injur'd Virtue Triumph in its Turn.

Exeunt Omnes.

F I N I S.